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A  
LEGACY for the Ladies.  
O R,  
CHARACTERS  
O F T H E  
Women of the Age.

---

*By the late Ingenious Mr. Thomas Brown.*

---

W I T H A  
Comical VIEW of *London* and *West-*  
*minster* : Or, The Merry Quack ; where-  
in Physick is Rectified for both the *Beaus*  
and *Ladies*. In Two Parts. The First  
Part by Mr. *Tho. Brown* : The Second  
Part by Mr. *Edw. Ward*, Author of the  
*London-Spy*, &c.

To which is prefixt,  
The CHARACTER of Mr. *Tho. Brown*,  
and his Writings, Written by Dr. *Drake*.

---

LONDON, Printed by *H. Meere*, for *S. Briscoe*,  
and Sold by *J. Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*. 1705.

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††† The First and Second Volumes of Miscellaneous Works, written by George late Duke of *Buckingham* ; containing *Poems*, *Satyrs*, *Letters*, the *Farce of Segmoor Fight*, the compleat *Key to the Rehearsal*, a *Conference* between the Duke and Father *Fitz-Gerrard*, an *Irish Priest* : With several Speeches in Parliament by the late Duke of *Buckingham*, and other Lords and Commoners. Sold by *J. Nutt*.



T O

*Madam Dorathea Hubert.*

MADAM,

**T***HIS Piece was intend-  
ed for you by the De-  
ceas'd Mr. Brown, who in  
the latter part of his Life,  
how negligent soever he might  
formerly have been, was re-  
solv'd to Dedicate his last  
Labour to the Service of  
Vertue; and therefore this  
Book descends to you, as the  
last Legacy of a Gentleman,  
who had no other way of  
shewing the Respect he bore  
you, than by putting his last*

## The Dedication.

*Work under your Protection.*  
I, Madam, who am in this particular, the Executor of his Will, do that now out of Obligation, which any Man might be proud to do of Choice.

The Original Author of this Piece, thought it worthy the Patronage of a Princess of the Royal Blood of France; but we, Madam, less Ostentations, tho' not less Ambitious, prefer Vertue to Titles. Though if Noble Blood were requir'd, I should not seek further than your Self for it, whose Family has from amongst your Ancestors, given Chief Justices and Chancellors  
to

## The Dedication.

*to the Law, Ministers to the State, Peers to the Realm, and Prelates to the Church, whose Nobility was grown Ancient before most of theirs, who now lay Claim to it, began. Hubert de Burge, Chief Justice and Chancellor of England, and Earl of Kent, was Wise, Stout, Loyal, and very Learned in the Law; and as well a good Patriot to his Country, as a good Subject to his Prince, which procur'd him those Honours which few have arrived at, and fewer have deserv'd.*

*I might enlarge upon the Number of Great Men your*  
A 3 *Family*



## The Dedication.

*Family has produc'd, and mention two Bishops, and another Chief Justice; Men whose Learning, Piety, and Probity render'd 'em the Ornaments of their Country. But it is not their Vertue, but your own, that brings you this Address. None but a Lady of your strict Vertue, could be a proper Patroness for Rules so severe as are here laid down. This Book was intended as a Piece of Practical Morality, and tho' it is particularly inscrib'd to your Sex, yet it contains Lessons equally good for ours, and wherein we may find our own Vanities as severely corrected,*



## The Dedication.

*Eded, as those of the Ladies. The Author was himself severe; and Mr. Brown, in his latter Time, was far from a Humour to indulge greater Liberties, or to relax any thing of the Severity of his Discipline.*

*This, Madam, made it necessary to Address to one of your exemplary Vertue, and clear Understanding. One of less Exactness or Judgment, might have thought this, which is a sort of Directory to the Sex, to make their Conduct irreproachable in the World, a Satyr upon the Sex, and perhaps a Reflection upon her own Conduct.*

## The Dedication.

*duct. But you, Madam, who know that Rules are allow'd to be severe, tho' Censures ought to be tender; from the Regularity of your own Life, justify all which is here requir'd of a Modest, Pious, and Prudent Lady; and tho' some things contain'd in this Book, may seem too rigorous for the Humour of the present Age, yet if all Ladies had your Vertue and Understanding, none would complain the Conditions were hard, tho' the greatest part of it would be then untrue, and all of it unnecessary.*

*Some Characters may however seem to reflect upon the*  
*Sex,*

## The Dedication.

*Sex, and would be Libels, if spoken of the Ladies of this Nation; but they were written in France, where Gallantry, as it is call'd by them, is esteem'd the chief Accomplishment, and Coquetry, clearly carried the Perfection of Female Prudence. Tho' this be not so much the Infirmary of the Ladies of our Nation, yet Mr. Brown, in his serious Considerations, thought he found too much Occasion for sober Precepts, and good Examples; and therefore thought at once of this Book; and you, of whom he had receiv'd so high a Character from a Sister, whom he held most*

## The Dedication.

*most Dear, he was resolv'd therefore to propose this to their Reading, and you to their Imitation; of which, if they made right Use, he thought he had provided a sufficient Antidote against the Contagion of the Neighbouring Vanities of France; and tho' he knew that the Vertue of our Ladies is as much superior to that of the French, as their Beauty, yet he thought he need abate nothing of the Rigor of these Precepts, since most are naturally too apt to soften'em to their own Humour.*

*I need not tell you this Book is much improved and  
mended*



## The Dedication.

*mended by falling under the Hand it came last from: You, Madam, know the Character of the Gentleman; and that few could come up to him in Wit or Learning. You that have so much Wit your self, can never want a Value for his; and for this one Vertuous Attempt, will forgive all his Juvenile Escapes, which have come from him in meer gaiete du Coeur, since he had laid all that aside for a profound Respect for your Ladiship; which he has, with the Care of this, transmitted to, Madam,*

Your most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

S. B.



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A  
CHARACTER  
OF  
Mr. *Thomas Brown*,  
AND HIS  
Writings.

**T**H E unfair and injurious Liberties that have been taken with Mr. *Brown*, since his Death, render it necessary, by a just *Character*, to remove that Load of Dirt and Ribbaldry, which have been thrown upon his Ashes; and to vindicate his Wit and Learning from the rude Insults of those that have neither.

ther. *Oxford* was an early Witness of his extraordinary Genius, which he signaliz'd at *Christ-Church* whilst yet very Young, by divers Ode's, and Copies of excellent *Latin* Verses, and other extraordinary Exercises, many of which are extant in some of the Printed Exercises of that *University* upon publick Occasions, but under other Names; a Practice very frequent there, for the Youth of Wit and Learning to grace those of better Quality with their Productions, and especially necessary to Mr. *Brown*, whose Fortune obliged him to prefer Money (which he only wanted) to Reputation, of which he had enough. There is but one (that I remember) preserv'd with his own Name to it, which is Printed in the First Volume of the *Musæ Oxoniensis*, under the Title of *Soteria Ormondiana*; which tho' written while he was very Young, is equal to any Modern Ode whatsoever. This may suffice to give  
the



the Learned Reader a Taste of the Delicacy of his *Latin* Poetry, which would his Fortune have allow'd him to have cultivated with due Care and Application, he might perhaps have excelled any Modern whomsoever in it.

By this Talent, and some witty Pieces in *English*, which because *Ludicrous*, tho' ingenious, and such as are not only excused, but admir'd in Youth, he took no Care to preserve, he became Famous in the University. But the Disadvantages of a narrow Fortune, and an Education in a private Country-School, which intituled him to no Accademical Preferment, would not suffer him to continue very long there, where the Expence was like to be too great for him, and the Prospect of Preferment too little. From thence he came to Town, without any other Recommendation, than a stock of Wit and Learning sufficient

to

to have advanc'd him to much better Fortune than he ever lived to see. His Wit soon procur'd him a numerous Acquaintance here, who being greater Admirers, and more competent Judges of that, than of his Learning, made him more Ostentatious of it, and perhaps think it the surer Recommendation. His Conversation was always pleasant and entertaining, seldom serious, but like his Humour, which was negligent and chearful, fitter for Company than Business, which made it very much coveted by those who knew no other Use of Time, than to pass it away agreeably. By these he was much esteem'd and cherish'd ; and as they were the most fond of him, so they were the most agreeable to his Temper; which was naturally averse to Business and severe Thinking, so it's probable, if his Fortune had been easier, the World had seen less of his Writing. But those merry Companions that  
robb'd

robb'd him of his Time, were not the Men that could provide for his Subsistence: A Jest and a merry Tale, tho' they might sometimes pay for his Wine, would not find Cloaths and Lodging: For those, he was forced to have Recourse to his Pen; his Wit and Learning being the only Revenue he had to subsist upon. The first Piece which made him known to the Town, was an Account of the Conversion of Mr. Bayes, in a Dialogue, which met with a Reception suitable to the Wit, Spirit, and Learning of it.

But this, tho' it brought him abundance of Reputation, did not add much to his Substance; for tho' it made his Company exceedingly coveted, and might have recommended him to the Great, as well as to the Ingenious, yet he was of an Humour not to chuse his Acquaintance by his Interest, and slighted such an Opportunity then, as others, by im-  
b proving

proving Wisely, have risen to great Dignities and Preferment by.

The Stile of this Dialogue was like that of his ordinary Conversation, lively and facetious, and the Matter full of sound Argument and fine Learning, but managed according to his natural Temper, with a great deal of Humour, and in a Burlesque way, which make both the Reasoning and the Reading, which are abundantly shewn in 'em, extreamly surprizing and agreeable. The same Manner and Humour runs through all his Writings, whether Dialogues, Letters, or Poems; of all which kinds of Writings, he has left behind him not a few. The only considerable Objection, which the Criticks have made to his Writings, is, That some of 'em have thought they wanted Delicacy, not considering, that Delicacy is not the Character of Humour, and perhaps scarce consistent with it. But  
in



in answer to this, it may be affirm'd, that there is as much Delicacy in his Writings as the Nature of humorous Satyr, which is the chief Beauty of his Works, will admit; which requiring strong Ideas, will sometimes unavoidably have 'em hard too. But that Delicacy which they so much require, by too much softening the Colours, weakens the Drawing. Others have complain'd, that his Writings are unequal, a Fault that no Man that hath writ much, ever avoided, not *Homer*, *Horace*, or *Virgil* themselves excepted. That this was not his Fault, beyond the unavoidable Condition of Humanity, is apparent from the Equality of his Dialogues, of which the Second and Third Part of Mr. *Bayes's* Conversion, are not inferior to the First; nor were they worse received in the World; a Fate which has befallen few Second and Third Parts. The same may be said of his other Dialogues, in which

kind of Writing, no *English*-Man has hitherto excell'd him, perhaps few will hereafter equal. His Letters, tho' written loosely, and in a careless way to private Friends, bare the true Stamp and Image of their Author, and the same Humour and Spirit runs through 'em. The Variety of his Learning, may be seen in the *Lacedæmonian Mercury*, where abundance of Critical Questions of great Nicety are answer'd with a great deal of Solidity and Judgment, as well as Wit and Humour. But that Design exposing him too much for his Humour to the Scruples of the Grave, and to the Curiosity of the Impertinent, he continued not that Design long. Even the least and lightest of all his Writings, which under the borrowed Name of *Silvester Partridge*, he published by the Name of the *Infallible Astrologer*, partake of the same universal Spirit and Humour which animates all his other Writings; and nothing could be a more effectual and  
handsome

handsome Satyr upon the Folly and Credulity of the Town, which run Mad after the *Weather Prophet*, the *Milan Almanack*, and other such Impostors. Nor can there be a clearer Evidence of his unimitable Manner in this way of Writing, than that this very Design was afterward continued by one who hath been thought to have no mean Talent of Humour, and whose Writings have on that Score been very well receiv'd; yet, without affronting that Gentleman's Performance, the Copy has been thought no more to rival the Original, than a *Kite* does an *Eagle*; but perhaps one, and that the main Reason, why Mr. *Brown* has been charged with Inequality in his Writings, is, that most of the Anoninuous things that took with the Town, were fathered upon him.

This, tho' an Injury in Reality to him, is a plain Demonstration of

## x      *A Character of*

the Universality of his Reputation, when whatever pleased from an unknown Hand, was ascribed to him : And thus he came to be the reputed Author of many things very unworthy of him. In Poetry, he was not the Author of any long piece ; of which, if any be found less correct than might be expected from a Man of his Judgment and Learning, it must be imputed to his being unambitious of a Reputation in that kind ; however, that Negligence is abundantly recompenced by the Richness of his Fancy. His Poems are most of 'em Imitations of Antiquity, and so called by him, but generally so improved under his Hands, they may justly be esteem'd Originals. They were generally Odes, Satyrs, or Epigrams, and tho' most of 'em be admirable, and some almost inimitable, yet perhaps they are not much out in their Judgment, who think his Poetry not the best part of his Works,

Of



Of his Prose Translations, much need not be said ; they were many, and of various kinds ; but in general, thus much, that he was just to his Authors, and understood *Greek, Latin, and French* excellently well, which were the Languages out of which he Translated ; nor was he ignorant of the *Italian* and *Spanish*. His *English* was pure, his Stile strong and clear ; and if he was not so nice in the Choice of his Authors as might be expected from a Man of his Taste, he must be excused, because doing those things for his Subsistence, he did not consult his own Liking so much as his Booksellers, and took such as they offered the best Price for. Nor can he be blamed for this, since Fortune having provided no other way for him to Live by, Prudence directed him to prefer the Drudgery of most Gain, before a more specious one of Plause, and taught him not to barter his

Ease and Profit for the Reputation of being Nice.

To sum up all, if he cannot be called one of our best Poets, he was undeniably one of our greatest Genius's ; and tho' some may have excelled him in some Particulars, scarce any one has reached him in all. It was his Misfortune to appear upon the Stage of the World when Fears and Jealousies had sour'd the Peoples Blood, and Politicks, and Polemicks had almost driven Mirth and good Humour out of the Nation ; so that that careless gay Humour and negligent, chearful Wit, which in former Days of Tranquility would have made him the Delight of Princes, was in a quarrelsome contentious Time, lost upon a parcel of thoughtless Men, whom either want of Interest or Ambition rendred incapable of serving themselves or others.

These

These, because they did not like some things that were at that time done, or because they did not care a Farthing what was done, possessed themselves first of Mr. *Brown*, as a Man whose Conversation was the best of their Entertainment; and he on the other Hand, who aimed at nothing more than living pleasantly, indulged his own Humour amongst 'em; and living at his Ease, without Care, sought no farther. Thus, tho' in his first Dialogue, he was so happy both in the Choice of his Subject, and in the Execution, as to be read and known by Name to the Ingenious of all Ranks and Conditions; yet he was so regardless of his own Interest, as scarce to make himself known by Face to any Body about the Court, where his Work was at that time in the highest Esteem. But this careless Humour, which lost him that Opportunity, followed him through the whole Course

#### xiv *A Character of, &c.*

Courſe of his Life, and ſubmitted him to ſome undeſerved, ill Uſage and Inſults, and gave Courage to petty Scriblers, who envied his Merit, to arraign him upon his Fortune, who yet were never ſo proud as when their Trifles were by ill Judges taken for his; and took a Pride in attacking him, tho' they never got more by their Performance, than the Reputation of as little Manners and Probity, as Wit.

Some of theſe things have been publiſhed on him ſince his Death, with as little Foundation of Truth as Wit in the Performance; the Authors of which have ſhewn but one Sign of Senſe, which is, that they have ſuppreſſed their Names.



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to the Ladies ; or, Characters of  
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# CHARACTERS

O F

Women, &c.

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By Mr. Tho. Brown.

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*The Character of a Wanton  
Woman.*

**T**HAT which we call *Gallantry*, is a fond Relish of the World, and of its Pleasures in general; and this Spirit is born with the *Female Sex*. Their natural Temper contributes much to Foppery,  
B but

their Education confirms it, and so renders the Folly entire. *Civility* indeed polishes it, and that is the best *Mistress* bestowed upon it. By I know not what unhappy Fate, the very Care, that Art takes of that *Sex's* Perfections, destroys it: So soon as a *Girl* learns to speak, she is taught *pretty things*, but few that are *useful*: Her first Steps are directed for Dancing, and to avoid the Trouble and Labour of making her a *Vertuous Person*, her Friends are contented to make her a *Fine Woman*; she is only taught the Art of *Pleasing*, but not of *Living* well.

People wonder now a Days at the loose Behaviour and *Wantonness* of Women; for my part I wonder as much at them; for what can they expect of Persons thus Educated? Their natural Dispositions incline them to a soft and easy Life, and to agreeable things: Their Beauty creates Self-Love; and instead of destroying this Effeminate *Tendency*, they are supply'd with divers modish Vices, that strengthen the ill Habit, and makes 'em only take the more Delight in it.

A young Woman knows her *Religion* only by her *Catechism*; the *Sciences* only by Name, and *Vertue* only in *Idea*. She understands *Musick* to a Nicety, but knows nothing of the real and good Intentions of it. She plays at all sorts of *Games*, and reads no other

*Books*



*Books*, but what are fitter to corrupt, than instruct her. And what will be the Consequence of this first Mismanagement? An Aversion to all that is *Good*, for want of knowing what it is; a Dislike of *commendable* things, for want of understanding them, and a Spirit of *Contempt* and Envy produc'd by Ignorance, which makes those Women, who know nothing, but what she her self is, and is possessed, but with what she knows her self, gives up her whole Time to the Care of Pleasing, and bestows all her Praises on her own *Maxims*. These are the Consequences of mis-employ'd *Youth*, which has receiv'd no other Instructions, but such as make it still the more in Love with it self, and less acquainted with it self. It frames a Scheme of *Perfections* suitable to its own proper Pallate, and the Custom of the Age: It is from such Models that Women, take a *Draught* of their Conduct and Actions; and the Result of all this is an unhappy, tho' general Confusion in their Understanding and Deportment.

*Vanity* is so imprinted in the Minds of Women, that nothing less than a supernatural Hand can totally efface it. It is a prudent *Intention* to deprive them of the Sense of true *Knowledge*, but an ill Effect is all the Fruit of that good *Design*, to prevent their falling into the Pride of the *Half-learned*, they are led into the Paths of *Ignorance*, *Pride* and *Affectation*; and firmly believe, that to under-



## 4 THE CHARACTER OF

stand the *World*, is in them as great a Talent, as the profoundest Learning in Men; and that their *Perfections* consist in nothing more, than in being skill'd in the ways of *pleasing* Men; and therefore they make it their whole Application. A Woman reads with no other Design, than but to inform her self of others *Intreagues*, and from thence to know better, how to manage her own: She dresses her self, not with an Intention to be more Charming, but to Charm more Men, and think it a Diminution to their Beauty, to make but one Conquest, tho' it be never so considerable; and design not to fix themselves inviolably on *One*, but to gain *Many*, being much better pleas'd in the Croud of their *Lovers*, than with the Reality of *Love*.

They study their Looks, (many of their *Charms* being but the *Convulsions* of their Eyes) and which agrees best with them, they prefer, and all this is manag'd with a wonderful *Art*: They frequently add with Design to their *Charms*, that which *Nature* had refused them with Justice. Finally they consult all the pre external Advantages, in order to attract Love; and these Designs are of so large an Extent, that they no sooner find they please one *Subject*, but they are ready to please others also; and every new *Conquest* inflames 'em still with a Desire of extending their Victories yet farther; and the Vanity of their Desires continues, tho' the  
Power

Power to please has been long since extinguish'd.

The *Employment* of a vain Woman is very singular; she is idle, tho' perpetually in Action: From Morning till Night their Thoughts are on what they love; they speak to all they meet, tho' they have nothing to say to 'em: The Exterieur of Acquaintance is all they aim at; and affect Familiarity, to be thought worthy of *Friendship*. As they *Chatter* only to prevent the Censure of Stupidity, so the *Lapdog, Monky, and Squirrel* are as copious Subjects of their *Wit* and *Railery*, as any of the Neighbours, as frequent Objects of their tenderest Caresses, their most endearing Language, and their most solid Satisfaction. Their *Ignorance* necessitates 'em to this ridiculous Diversion; for as they admire nothing but themselves, so vertuous Conversation wou'd put 'em out of Countenance, and a serious Reflection make 'em *Distracted*.

But alas! their Conduct rests not here, in time that continual Idleness grows tedious; yet being unwilling to shake it quite off, and in the room of it, take some *profitable* Employment unknown to them, they indulge themselves in irregular Desires; and this leads them to base and dangerous Attempts. The *Affections* of their Hearts being the Rule they go by, they employ their whole Minds in the Satisfaction, they procure to themselves, and shutting their Ears to the Voice of Duty

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and Reason, they study but to please their predominant *Passions*, and to render their Minds the Instruments of the Disorders of their Hearts: For as they have an equal Share of Natural Parts with the Men, (only with this Difference, that they are not so rightly applied) the *Witty Wanton* pleases more, deceives much better, and is not one Grain the more improv'd by it; for *Wit* is the most dangerous Weapon when ill applied, and taken off of good and worthy Subjects, to exercise such vicious Uses as perverts it.

Yet this is what most *Women* do; a quick Apprehension serves but to render them more inconstant; Solidity makes them more Crafty; Penetration makes them more Satyrical, and all those *Defects* make them more Proud, and fitter Objects of our Scorn and Contempt; which is the only just Reward of their imaginary Merits. They are commonly valued proportionable to the Duration of their Affections, that is, for a Moment. Their Beauties surprise us, their Wit engages us, and their Defects drive us away again. A Thousand pleasing *Toyes* draw Men to them, and as many Reasons make them be avoided by 'em; Voluptuousness invites Men on again; and Wisdom perswades him to make no stay with them, and to make Men to entertain them more through *Flattery*, then real *Application*.

A *Wanton* or *Loose* Woman runs her self into all sorts of Extreams ; *Prodigality* accompanies all her Expences, and *Covetousness* attends all her Frugality ; for Vertue having no share in her Conduct, she can never entertain a just *Medium* in any thing. If she Loves, tho' but for a Minute, it borders upon Fury. If she Hates, it will last longer, I confess, but sooner or latter always terminates in Revenge. If she Wishes, it is with insatiable Desires. If she fears, her Apprehensions are without Bounds. Yet notwithstanding this prodigious Heap of dreadful Qualities, she is pleasing, and her Air, her Ways, her Beauty, &c. seduce Men, and enslave them to their false Merits. But in Requital, a Woman frequently pays severely for those Impositions, and the Love she inspires ; for it being wholly grounded on Interest, as its Cause, commonly it happens, that the Fruit of such Commerce, is the Mine of the Man's Fortune sometimes, but always of the Woman's Reputation ; and as she has not render'd the Man really happy, neither has he increas'd much her Riches, and being both disgusted of their Familiarity, they share betwixt them Sorrow and Regret, which are the usual Results of a wild illegitimate Passion. Seriously, if those light Women did but once examine their Conduct with some Grains of Reason, they would not complain of any Misfortune that happen'd to



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them, but employ themselves to correct those Defects; and tho' their Natural Tendency, their ill Education, and their bad Habits must render the Change of their Manners very difficult; yet by Degrees however they would attain to a true Relish of good things. Religion and Honour would no longer prove defective, the Satisfaction of being esteem'd and rightly valued would succeed in the place of Pleasing; for Vertue is honour'd wherever it is found, whether preserv'd by Wisdom, or restor'd by Reason, and with Justice they would obtain that Respect, Value and Esteem, which is refus'd them on any other Terms, while they are thus advis'd. Let Modesty instruct them also, if they are willing to embrace her Dictates.

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The *Modest* Woman.

**T**HERE are Duties of Honour, as well as Religion, and it is in those that *Modesty* gives us the best Lessons; it requires that all the Actions of Women be accompanied with Decency; that they be Born bashful, Live with Circumspection, and Die with Wisdom; that their youthful Days be adorn'd with Innocence, their riper Years be endow'd with Purity, and that their whole Conduct conclude with an happy and laudable Simplicity.

Modesty is not morose; that which it prescribes, is just and natural; it requires but Regularity and Perfection, and whoever rejects her, abandons Honour and Vertue. When a Woman, whose Heart is affected with Worldly Pleasures, abandons the Rules that Modesty prescribes, wherein Honour rests secure, she is soon made sensible of the Dangers, wherein her Negligence has led her; and her best Course is, to hasten her Return into the forsaken Path, that her natural Constitution inclin'd her to leave.

There are some Inclinations so excellent, as to put us on our Duties without Reluctancy; but such a natural Propensity is very rare, and there are but very few Minds endowed with so happy a Temper, without Information, and that

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that walk in the Paths of Vertue, without any other Guide than their own Reason.

It is only to those Women, to whom natural Weakness, Tendency, and Opportunity appear invincible Obstacles, that Modesty gives Rules. It requires, that an habitual and modest external Behaviour suppress those unruly Motions of the Mind, that are bred by *Self-love*, that an evil Example may touch, but not move. That Beauty adorn without Flattery ; that Joy never appear without a Restraint, and that it be more easy to be instructed, than pleas'd. For a Woman, that makes her Duty her Study, has less Regard to her own Worth, than to the Means of becoming worthier ; and as she is possess'd with a Desire to Learning, she is not contented with the bare *Idea* of Knowing ; she is more apt to judge her self guilty of an Error, than Praise-worthy for any good Action. This is that happy Application, that is produc'd by Fear and Desire, unto which a Woman should give her self entirely up ; then would that Tendency she still retains for vainer *things*, soon vanish, when she begins to taste the Sweets of *Good* ; for the chief Difficulty of Perfection, proceeds from a certain Tiresomeness, we find in persevering in good Manners. To cure the Disorders of the Mind, there is required a regular, wise, and modest Conduct, that never varies : It is very difficult for a vicious Mind to justify its

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Character against a vertuous Regularity, and a spontaneous Reservedness. His Perseverance in good Actions, that Modesty imposes Laws. As the Firmness of a good Resolution makes a Man's Merit, the Continuance of a discreet Conduct makes the Praise of a Woman's; for it is as difficult for a Woman never to step out of the way of her Duty, either through her own Temper, or through some tempting Occasion, as it is difficult for a Man never to alter his Opinion, either through Passion or Necessity; but the way to attain to that noble Constancy is by Modesty, which renders it profitable, when it restrains the too great Freedom that Youth usurps, the great Familiarity of pleasant Illecebrations, the great continual Frequentation of Balls and Feasts; and for a more particular Difference of her Will, when she denies her self all that does oppose a noble Regularity, such a one, as requires a Woman, not to lend an Ear to doubtful Expressions, to ambiguous ways of speaking on certain Matters of Gallantry, nor to discourse with certain sorts of Persons. No Looks beyond their Limits; Regard must be had to Time and Place, to give a Loose to ones Eyes; no loud or sudden Laughter must break forth, and the Subject that tempts it, must be common in its Effects; no loose and easy Posture, tho' Conveniency may invite them to it; no new ways of Dresses; no Matches of Diversion in Masquerade;

no Friends, but such as are wise ; no Enemies but the Wicked. Finally, no Eyes for her own Vertues, nor Ears, nor Tongue for her own Praises. This is the right way to begin a glorious Life, and to continue it without Censure, and I may say too without Envy, but not without Satisfaction and Pleasure.

But the greatest part of Women want these Means, and the Courses they commonly take, are neither such as Honour dictates, or Modesty requires. These being opposite to Vanity and Voluptuousness ; a Woman rather chuses to abate of her Modesty, than to retrench any thing of her Self-Love: That is the Cause she lays not aside so many Circumstances of Ceremonies, so many Niceties, which are condemn'd by Modesty, as Conferences with single Men, a nice Examination of Mens external Parts, the Preheminence in Assemblies, the Accounts given of her own Inclinations, her diligent Examination of others Humours, her Facility in Blaming, her Difficulty to approve, and the Liberty she takes to impose, order and command People in Places, and on such things, which have not been committed to her Care. If a Woman was but an exact Performer of her incumbent Duties, she would not be so apt to set her self forth in publick, nor so peevish at home ; Modesty would incline her to embrace Retiredness ;  
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she would be sensible of the Contentments, that Solitude and Privacy affords, and would dread the Troubles and Inconveniencies that Tumults and Confusions bring along with them. It is in such Hurry, that we are apt to slip into Irregularities ; great Companies distract us even to Forgetfulness , and the severest Restraint destroy it self by frequent Meetings, and when a Woman is accustomed to the sight of new Faces : For Women love to be flatter'd, which is most us'd by those, that have the least Acquaintance with them. The Want of knowing their Imperfections is the Reason that they are more readily prais'd ; but this Incense so pleasing to their Self-Love causes them to be slighted in divers Respects, and they commonly are to the flattering Approbation of one single Person, an Hundred Defects that are obvious to all the World besides.

When once a Woman is so far infatuated with Self-Love, as to shake Hands with her Modesty, she becomes the most dangerous and ungovernable Monster that is ; her Pride puts every Action, every Word, nay every Incident and Circumstance, how Minute so ever, into false Lights : Every uncommon Civility she looks upon as Adoration, and the most notorious Flattery for Truth. She is violent in all she says or does ; her Esteem is but short, her Hatred implacable : A dubious Answer she thinks contumely ;



ly ; a cold Salute, an unpardonable Affront. Nothing can be right, but what bear the Stamp of her Approbation ; no Person well bred, but what pay their Homage to her. To offer to take the Upper-hand of her, is a mortal Sin ; her arrogant Looks Crow-beat her Equals ; and her haughty Carriage spurns her Inferiours. Those whom a distinguish'd Rank place above her, she shuns more than the Plague, and even her Pride makes her glorious Amends, for she believes her Accomplishments merit that Grandeur, which the others possess ; nor will she allow it them, but as conferr'd upon 'em, not only unreasonably, but even by a meer Mistake too. Whatever Obligation she receives, she takes it as a Debt paid, not a Favour conferr'd, because her Pride will not let her own, she stood in Need of any Body. She forgets her Duties towards her Neighbours, and her Pride conceals from her those Obligations she has to others, so that attributing to her self through an ill grounded Opinion of her own Worth, those Honours and Respects that she deserves not, she has no Regard for any thing but her self, and neglects all those Duties, which Modesty directs her to perform towards others. You'll frequently see her fail in the common Civilities us'd at Meetings, in the conversing Part, and at the taking Leave ; Not regarding that the Infractions of the Laws of Civility frequently turn to the Destruction

struction of Charity, and that there is but very little Distance betwixt Dis-satisfaction and Hatred. Therefore a rational Woman is of an accomplish'd Exactness in the meanest Duties, that Modesty and Civility requires in Relation to others ; and bidding Adieu to Foppery, she wholly applies herself so to order her Conduct, as that it may be Blameless as well in the meanest, as in the greatest things.

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A pretended *Godly* Woman.

A False Devotion is the most dangerous of all Crimes, and the most common of all Defects; sometimes Men use it for Reasons of State and Interest; but Women commonly on the Account of Pride and Self-Love. A false Piety has divers Motives that engage Women on its part; it is easy, fortunate, and very successful. There is frequently no occasion to change Maxims, to step from a most licentious Life, to that which may appear the most retired; it is but shifting our Habits, and then all those things that were denied to our Pleasures before, become suitable to our Desires. Experience sets this so frequently before our Eyes, that we cannot wonder at the good Fortune of a great Number of Biggots of this Age. A Woman born with good Inclinations, educated in good Principles, that would live in the Freedom of agreeable Societies, and yet retain the Character of wise, needs but one thing to compare both at once. Hypocrisy will soon find her out a way to reconcile God and the World together, and to gratify her Self-Love, without Scandal to her Devotion. The World is in a strange Mistake on the Account of Religion: The Learned consider it in its most Sacred Mysteries: The Vulgar

in those outward Shews, that it imposes on them; and *Women* in certain Practices, which they propose to themselves as *Laws*; by which they regulate the *Perfection* of their State. The Learned understand *Religion*, the Vulgar believe it, and *Women* spoil it: For the first seek it, the second follow it, and the last counterfeit it.

These *Women* busy themselves to pick out a parcel of *Maxims* suitable to their own Inclinations, on which *Choice* they frame a Scheme of their own, and the great *Love* they bear to those selected *Vertues*; causes them to neglect all the others. It is no matter amongst them, whether such or such a Lady is really *Charitable*, so she but appears to be a Lady of *Charity*. The bare Outside of *Religion* is sufficient for them; no matter tho' the Inside be quite opposite to their *Practices*.

They value not much to omit Duties of *Obligation*, provided the other Duties they prefer to these, be not very guilty in themselves, and that there be but as much room left as will contain their *Excuses*, or others *Praises* of them. For it is the *Property* of *false Devotion*, to imbue the Mind with *Pride*, and make it pretend to *Humility*, while it is drowned in *Ostentation*, to undervalue and despise such things as are considerable in themselves, and prize inconsiderable things, as if they were of great

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*Moment.* This is the Secret the Devil makes use of with *Women*; he makes them behold with Indifferency the Precepts of *Religion*, while they are wholly taken up with bare Scriptural Advices, and that they employ all their Care Night and Day to practise them. They will be very diligent to correct themselves of some small Defects, and negligent in Matters highly Criminal: They need not fear to feel the Pressure of Sin, while they are ignorant of the Light of Grace, nor be concern'd that they apply themselves to such trivial things as suit best their *Characters*, while they neglect those great *Mysteries* so necessary to their Salvation.

Mean time, under the useful Vail of an *Holy Appearance*, they remain safe, and repair in the Minds of People the ill Impressions that any Disorder may have made, only by changing the Exterior, and adding *Hypocrisy* to the rest of their *Errors*. By the last *Evil* all the former are blotted out, and by a regular Outside, they endeavour to persuade, that the Inward is pure and innocent. What a strange *Error* it is to judge of a Person's Conduct by a seeming Devotion! Those that justify a Bigot, are more apt to be deceived, than those that condemn a *Libertine*.

A meer *Profession* is no good Caution of *Honour* and *Vertue*. Those that are most  
inlightned



inlightned, are the less deceived by those outward *Grimaces*, because they most distrust them ; and all *Hypocrites* are suspected amongst rational Men. The *Simple* are deceived by the *Hypocrites*, but the *Hypocrites* are detected by the *Wise*, who do not easily pass by those three *Characters* which *Hypocrisy* imposes on them, so directly opposite to the Love we owe to God, and to our Neighbour, namely, *Pride*, *Cruelty*, and *Disimulation*.

Through the Instigations of *Pride*, they assume an Authority over all others that are not of their Kidney, and some of them too are not exempt from their Insults; especially if they are not equal at least to 'em in the respect of the *Congregations* and the *Glories* of an *Exterior Sanctity*. They usurp a *Right* of *Censuring* all the World, and make 'em fall short of their own *Devotion*, only to have a larger Scope of *Backbiting*. She robs her Family to fatten the *Sanctified Station*, and Cuckolds her Husband in the Fear of the Lord : Five a Clock *Prayers* are her Delight, and an *Evening Lecture* the happy *Consummation* of a Day well spent. She is constant at *Church*, but 'tis to be seen there; and bitterly inveighs against the Impious *Laziness* of the *Ungodly* Wretches that don't come thither.

Tho' the Outside appears so *Demure*, yet were the Soul to be seen, *Hell* was mine

*A* — to it : However, God be praised their Actions give us to understand, that it is a Mercy not to see a thing so frightful. Speak against her *Teachers*, and she foams at the Mouth ; Pious Furies dance in her Eyes, and Two and Twenty Legions at least swell her Breast : *Damnation* is your Lot to be sure ; and if it were not for the *Law*, she would have the Leachery of *Murthering* you her self : For nothing is more Cruel than an irritated *Bigot*.

As for *Dissimulation*, 'tis the Basis of their *Religion*, the formal *Cant* and *Turning up* of the *Eyes*, the frequent *Sighs* and *Sobbs*, the artificial *Hum's* and *Ha's*, the exegetical *Motions* of the *Handkerchief* and *Mouth*, are but the Superstructure and Decorations of the *Hypocritical Temple* : By all these studied Arts they impose upon the unthinking Mob, and exact, nay, sometimes too, obtain freely a *Reputation* and *Character* that is by no means in the World their due.

As one of the Charms of *Greatness* and of *Riches*, is that Respect and Deference which they impose ; so one of the Afflictions of *Misery*, is the *Contempt* it draws upon it self. *Indigency* and *Poverty* blot out of weak Minds the Advantage of a good *Birth*, the Splendor of *Merit*, and the Beauty of *Vertue*. But if *Injustice* raises *Fortune* to so high a Pitch, more equitable *Truth* always leaves it in the lowest Rank, and that *Truth* which  
seems

seems to enlighten the *Bigots*, is trod under Foot by their own *Cruelty*. There is no barbarous *Usage* which they do not inflict on those whom God has visited with *Poverty*, *Hunger*, *Thirst*, and *Nakedness*, are the meanest Afflictions that proceed from their *Cares*: *Backbiting*, *Slander*, *Contempt*, and *Abuse*, are the Consequences of the *Zeal* they pretend to have for their *Neighbour*.

When they are employed in the *Relief* of Families, and that a *Pastor's* Goodness, who would not have any of his *Flock* to suffer, employs them in the Exercise of the Duties of *Charity*; they act very barbarously and basely: He relies on those pretended *Zealous* Souls, whose exterior Practices are exemplary, and who shew in *Publick* the Duties which they owe God, but that little trouble themselves in private about those due to their *Neighbour*. It is according to the *Tendency* of their Hearts, that those *Miserables* live or die, that are committed to their *Care*. When they have some good *Inclination* towards any Body, and that the humble Submissions of a *Sufferer* has done Homage to their *Pride*, then they will bestow on him all that is necessary to allay his *Sufferings*, but not to end them: They are willing to mollify his Sorrow, to set forth their own *Goodness*, and to take off only the Excess of the *Grief*, to gain Praises, and to preserve their *Tyrannical Power*.

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As their present Exercise of *Charity* makes divers miserable Wretches great *Sufferers* it may also make them to suffer in their Turn at the *Great Day*. And if *Pride* is the greatest *Crime* before God, where will not that *Hypocrisy* bring them, since it contains that *Pride* which offends Neighbourly *Love*, and renders it guilty of the Breach of the *Law* in both its Precepts? I must confess, that a *Bigot Woman* is so guilty, and has so many Defects, that I must not pretend to give a just Account of them all: I treat but of those annexed to the *professed*. The *Hatred* they have for all *Women* that are not Dress'd after the *Hypocritical Mode*, is so great, that they cannot indure them, altho' they lead a Life exempted from all *Blame*. They fancy it is an horrid *Crime* to be adorned with such Ornaments as *Birth* and *Estate* allows of, as if it was necessary that those who are devoted to God, should begin their *Reformation* by putting on of *Sack-cloth*, which frequently serves but to cover a greater number of *Sins*, without the Discovery of one *Vertue*. Let the *Deceits* of a *Linsy-Woolsy Modesty* multiply in the World, it will still be certain that the large *Sleeves* conceal more the *Hands* than the *Covetousness* of the Wearers; and that it is not the *Bigot's Dress* that makes *Vertuous Woman*. - Mean time under that Habit they are apt to condemn others confidently, while



while they Sin unpunished ; they then raise themselves above all *Censure*, and whoever speaks Truth on this *Subject*, runs the Hazard of having *Lies* raised on himself ; for a false *Piety* cannot suffer to be blamed, tho' never so justly, without returning a *Slander* for it ; and the ordinary Consequences of a *Bigot's* Anger, is, to Ruin those that have blamed her, tho' rightly. The most excellent *Wisdom*, even *Truth* it self, *Christ*, did condemn the Affectation or Singularity of Apparel, when he blamed the *Pharisees* in long Robes and peculiar Fringes. He regarded not their *Accusation* of the *Adulteress Woman* ; he condemned them when they offered to condemn others. This was a *Lesson of Providence*, to inform such as have Authority to protect those that are forsaken, and to correct those who accuse others, while they themselves are guilty.

There are such nice and dangerous *Circumstances* of Sin in *Hypocrisy*, that the *Guilty* frequently remain ignorant of the Misery of their own *Condition*. A *Woman* of the *Character* I am now setting forth, owns no other *Neighbour* but those of her own *Profession* : Whatever they say or do, is *positive* in all respects, and a *Bigot* would make it a *Scruple of Conscience* to doubt of a *Slander* that is hatch'd by one of her own *Tribe*. By the Means of this *Error*, she despises all those that have been accused, and



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under the *Pretence* of Reproving their *Errors*, she publishes them every where: For *Slander* is no Crime amongst the *Bigots*. If they but fancy they say the *Truth*, they think they don't offend God; but *Piety* speaks a *Language* very different from those *Maxims*; and the true way to be a sincere and real *Devote Woman*, is, by consulting of it.

In short, to sum up the *Character* of a *Female Bigot*, she is a *Cursed Composition* of *Evil Qualities*: Her *Hypocrisy* justifies her *Pride*, and her *Pride* supports her *Hypocrisy*: The formal *Zeal* of her *Lips* countenances the *Scandal* of 'em; and she thinks that if she goes duly to *Church*, she may raise *Lies* upon all *Mankind*. To turn up her *Tail* to the *Godly*, is *Charity* and *Brotherly Love*: To speak well of another *Seet*, is *Prophane*: To have civil *Commerce* with 'em, is *Abomination*, unless there appear some *Hopes* of bringing 'em over to the *Lord*. *Hypocrisy* has nothing good in it, but that peradventure the zealous, exterior, and the feigned *Devotion*, gives some of the weaker People a real *Inclination* to *Piety* and *Goodness*: In every other Particular it is worse than *Atheism*; for one only affronts God by denying him, whereas the other confesses him, and *Impiously* Laughs at him to his very Face in every *Act* of *Devotion*.

## The Religious Woman.

**F***Aith* is the *Mother of Piety*; whoever gives himself to *God*, and makes *Profession* thereof, ought to understand well his *Religion*, to delight in the *Duties* thereof, and perfectly perform them. His first *Care* is to inform himself, and to guide the *Course* of his *Life* by the *Faith* of his *Knowledge*, that he may not know the *Law* as *Libertines* do, nor practice his *Obedience* to it as *Bigots*.

But when *Faith* has once succeeded the *Care* of his *Instruction*, that he is sure of having found out the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life*; that he feels that admirable *Peace* which *Truth* spreads in his *Soul*, that his *Heart* filled with *Charity*, entertains no more *Thoughts*, but such as lead to the *Joy*s of *Eternity*; his *Understanding* is convinced, his *Soul* is filled with *Holiness*, and the *Practice* of *Vertue* becomes easy, when the *Mind* is certain of what it ought to know, and the *Fruit* of that *Knowledge* becomes the *Zeal* of the *Will*. Then is seen that *Mary*-like pressing *Desire* to find out *Christ*, that *Love* of the *Magdalen's* to follow him; and that *Care* of the *Martha's* to serve him. Neither the *Word* of the *Angel*, nor the

*Opposition*

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*Opposition* of the *Pharisees*, nor the *Preference* of *Magdalen*, can stop them. *Desire*, *Courage*, and *Power* to perform, follow *Faith* close at the Heels, *Hope* and *Charity* animates them; they run transported by their earnest *Desires*, but all this in the way of *Truth*, following *Christ* without ceasing and Rest, continually busying themselves in the *Lord's Vineyard*, and never draining the *Power* of their *Will*, tho' they weaken the *Strength* of their *Bodies*. This is the *Rule* of a Soul that truly seeks after *God*, a burning *Desire* of performing all things for the *Love* of him, such an *Impression* of his *Divinity* that continually humbles us, and that shelters us from the *Pride* of the *Devil*, which is so dangerous to *innocent* Souls. An inexpressible *Resolution*, which makes us to overcome all *Obstacles* which we meet in the *Way*, trac'd out by *Jesus Christ*, in which we must go without *Intermission* or *Looking back*, if we would be *perfect*. None can follow *Christ* by *Intervals*, it is a *Course* without *Interruption*, which the *Will* must perform; the least *Rest* distances us from it, and frequently *Neglect* makes us to loose the *Sight* of it, and so straggle out of the *Way* as never to retrieve it again: It is our *faithful* and *diligent* following of him, which is the most essential *Article* of true *Piety*.

How

## A RELIGIOUS WOMAN. 27

How many Souls seek after *Christ* that find him, and afterwards leave, and fly from him? The *Fervency* of *Devotion* gives them impetuous Motions, which natural *Weakness*, *Occasion*, and *Tendency*, stops in the midst of their *Course*, and frequently that great *Zeal* which our *Constitution* animates, yields to the meanest *Trifle* which offends the *Predominant Passion*.

We ought not to give the *Conduct* of the other *Vertues* to that which we value most, but to that *Vertue* that is most necessary, which is that that curbs most our *Will*, and which makes us the closer to follow *Christ*. *Love* cannot move with heavy Feet; when the *Heart* freely gives it self up, we fly; when *Love* calls upon us, the Spirit of *Charity* pushes us on, and the *Holy Transport* of a Soul that loves God, causes it to follow the Precepts and the Councils of *Christ* so exactly, that its *Conduct* appears as a *Gospel*, wherein one sees writ down the *Lessons* of a *Crucified God*. I confess, that the Scarcity of those *Apostolical Persons* which filled the first *Ages*, would give Cause to doubt whether there have been any such in *ours*? if the Perfection of those that give us *Examples*, did not atone for the small *Number*, and did not persuade us by the *Excellency* of so wonderful a *State*, of the *Comforts* which *Grace* communicates in this laborious way of *Penitence*, to serve and follow *Christ*:

For



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For the same *Will* which makes us to follow him every where, makes us to serve him in all things : It suffices not to love him in *Contemplation* ; we must worship him in *Submission* also. We must serve him with a *Faithfulness* proportionable to our *Condition*, for the *Law* is not kept by meer *Speculation* ; that *Charity* which God requires of us, must be active, and *Faith*, that *Divine Vertue* which makes us to adore him, is not contented with the bare *Submission* of our *Knowledge*, but requires also the *Works* of an active *Charity*, and, that the *Heart* be assisted by the *Hands*. Wherefore there is no Rest to a *Christian Soul* ; its Work is to begin with its *Reason*, and end but with its *Life*, and all its *Perfection* consists to begin it with *Chearfulness*, to continue it with *Courage*, and to end it with *Love*. When that *Love*, which is the *Foundation* of the *Law*, has once penetrated the *Heart* of *Man*, all the Severities of *Penance*, all Rigours appear pleasing to his *Desires*, all his Obligations towards *God* are filled with an unlimited *Fervency* : His *Zeal* omits nothing that might contribute to the *Glory* of *God* ; and his *Neighbour*, through an Effusion of the same *Charity*, is sought after with *Care*, wherever he suffers ; is assisted with *Diligence* in any thing that he wants ; and is comforted with *Mildness*, according to his *Condition*. The same



same *Zeal* which raises him towards *God* through *Love*, that unites him to his Neighbour by *Charity*, humbles him also, and shews him that *Nothing* and that *Sin* which are truly his *own*, and proper to him. In reflecting on his own *Miseries*, he conceives the vast Distance he is at from the Excellencies of the *Divinity*, and strengthens his *Faith*, which causes him to adore that *Immensify* which he admires : He examines what is that *Non-entity* whereof he consists, and that *Reflection* leads him to a *Contempt* of himself, and to the *Love* he owes to his *God*. This is the true Situation of a *Christian Soul* that professes *Piety* ; there is no Thoughts left of outward *Appearances*, when one publickly declares to be a Child of the *Eternal Joys* : For this there is required a *Circumcision* of the *Will*, and that *Interest* and *Self-Love* being for ever destroyed by the *Power* of our *Love* towards *God*, they may no longer be capable to stay us in the way of *Vertue* : We must be, as *St. Paul* says, *Stronger than the Gates of Hell*, through the *Power of Charity*.

Let every one examine himself on this *Model of Piety*, and judging himself with *Severity*, confess his Sins towards *God*, and Faults towards *Men* ; and let this sincere *Acknowledgment* create in him the strongest Sense of *Abnegation* that we are capable of feeling ;

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feeling; without which we can never *seek after, follow, nor serve Christ*, as he requires, and as we ought to do.

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*The*

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## The Witty Woman.

**W**IT in *Women*, is like *Metal* in a *Blind Horse*; it serves only to hazard their Shins. The *Vanity* of shewing it, exposes 'em to all *Company*; and it often happens, that in a numerous *Acquaintance*, where they strive to establish an *Empire*, they make *Skipwreck* of their *Reputation*, and sometimes of their *Vertue*. The violentest *Passion* imaginable has not so much Effect upon a *Lovely Woman*, as a little well-managed *Flattery* and *Incense* has upon one that values her self upon a *pert Humour*, and a *Volubility* of *Language*. But, in a Word, a *Woman* that pretends to *Wit*, is insufferable in *Society*, because it is very rare to meet with any of that *Character*, but such as are insupportably *Vain* and *Arrogant*; of which I am going to give you an Account.

The greatest *Wanton* is less charmed with her own *Beauty*, than the least *Witty* is conceited with her own *Genius*: She has an universal *Contempt* for all *Creatures*; she in a manner confounds *Man* with *Beasts*, if she finds his *Reason* not accompanied with *Wit*; and she lives at a great Distance from *common Sense*, through that *Pride* into which she

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she is puffed up by her pretended *fine Wit*, which makes her to become as insufferable to others, as others appear to her. A *Woman* that is thus blinded, is so far from *Truth*, that it is no wonder the most *Prudent* avoid her, and the less *Fearful* dread her; for she is capable of nothing but to give false Colours to *Lies*, and to commit *Evil* with the more *Cunning*: Of which this is the *Reason*; a *Woman* runs superficially over the *Sciences*, but never dives into them: She naturally receives *Eloquence*, and puts it in Use without the *Rules* requisite for it; she gives to those *Authors* that speak most her own Sense, without giving her self the trouble to pick out those that are most useful for her. She studies Words only, for she believes that it is the *Term* that does all: No *Condition* can please her, without *Politeness*, because *Wisdom* and *Truth* are banished from her *Study*, which she wholly applies to the most received nice and *Expressions*: And if she does but observe such an *Exactness* in Speech as exempts her from trespassing against the *Rules* of a correct *Discourse*, she troubles her self no farther, and cares not whither she thinks as others do, provided another speaks not so finely as she: The *Desire* she has to appear *Learned*, is the chiefest *Obstacle* to hinder her from being so; for there is required a great Proportion of concealed *Time* and *Labour* to attain to  
an

an approved *Merit* : and *Women* are more inclined to loose their *Time* at Ease, than to employ either *Time* or *Labour* to acquire *Vertue*. That is the *Reason* their best and chiefest *Talent* consists in *Conversation* ; it is at such a time that their earnest *Desire* to appear something more than ordinary breaks forth, and that they spread in others *Minds* some Defect of their own ; for in one *Afternoon's* space they make a whole Course of *Wit* ; they pass from *Doctrine* to *Manners*, from *Use* to *Opinion*, from *Seriousness* to *Airiness* ; and in two Hours time they treat of all the Interests of *Europe*, tho' they know not the least of them ; they drain *Matter* dry, without so much as touching them ; they offend *Reason* in but attempting to *Reason* ; they have such a *Series* of *Thoughts* as furnishes them with *Sufficiency* of Words to fill up the Chasms of *Time*, and are very well pleased to spend a World of *Expressions* on things that they are utter Strangers to.

They use *Causes*, that a *Politeness* of *Language* conceals part of their *Ignorance* ; and that an *Adulator* pleases and prepossesses them with his *Dawbing*, which with them passes for a just Homage. The *Flatterer* is not distinguished from the *Sincere* amongst them ; they rely on a dangerous *Approbation*, not consulting *Science* which might enlighten them ; those false Glimmerings that



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dazle them, give so fair a Light, that *Self-Love* takes care to preserve it, to set forth it self by it. And thus they fancy themselves raised up to a Pitch of *Knowledge*, of which they scarce preserve the bare *Name* in their *Memory*.

This is the Custom of your *Witty Women*, they have a vast *Idea* of *Wit* in their *Imagination*, but no *Knowledge*, no *Rule*, nor *Understanding*, a bare *Idea* only, that is, a vast *Extent* which comprehends all great things ; a great Space within themselves where they fancy to behold an Assembly of all the various *Accomplishments* of the *Mind*.

When a *Prudent Man* consults *Truth*, and believes he has found it, he *fixes* and *terminates* there : He no longer strays from that *Point* ; he is doubtful of all things else, and is not certain of any thing, but in Relation to that which has *fixed* him, and unto which he believes *Truth* to be annexed ; and that is what renders him just in the *Consequences*, provided he has not been deceived in his first *Choice* ; for he deviates not from his first *Principle* ; he is still the same, an uniform *Sense* guides him in all respects. He is presently sensible that the *Fruits* of his Labour is a *Light* without *Shadow*, which exempts him from all the *Spots* and *Blemishes* of *Error*. But the same *Reason* that  
strengthens

It strengthens so good a *Genius*, does also fortify a bad one.

*Stability* is the *Consequence* of an acceptable Opinion, and *Women*, who determinate their Thoughts with much more Ease than *Men*, are also more apt to prevaricate from *Truth*; they espouse a Party without consulting their *Reason*, and they have no sooner followed their own *Byass*, but it becomes their whole *Light*, and perpetuates them in that *Error of Choice*; they err through Quickness of *Apprehension*, which makes them to *resolve* before they have *thought*; and this first *Error*, into which *Ignorance* has led them, is the first Cause of all those Strayings of *Reason* and *Common Sense*, which they have on all things, which renders them insufferable; for they have not the Power to correct themselves, their *Knowledge* being seduced through *Opinion*, will not yield to friendly *Cares*, to the *Advices* of good Authors, nor even to the first *Tinctures* they have, to change. The *Habit* of *Opinion* is more powerful than all the *Passions* together; there is required a supernatural *Power* to reduce to *Truth* a Mind that is spoiled by false *Principles* that please it. A *Woman* whose Mind is not right, changes the Objects of *Nature*, and of *Place*; *Truth* must stand awry, that she may see her aright; for she perceives nothing but through such *Shadows*, as deceive her, and

that causes her to deceive others, because she insinuates these false *Lights*, and makes use of the most lively *Colours*, to make them appear to others as *right* as she her self fancies them.

*Men* are exempted from that dangerous *Sand*; but *Women*, whose Blindness causes them to seek after *Light*, grow the more blind the more they go about to enlighten themselves, and fall into the Inconveniency of the *Witty*, which is to admire while they deceive themselves. Their confused *Knowledge*, the *Aptness* they have to aspire to elevated things, and the *Desire* to appear capable, are the Causes of their *Ignorance*; and it produces such *Obstacles* as render *Science* much more necessary and convenient to them.

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## The Prudent Woman.

**W**IT is of both Sexes. The *Soul* is a Spiritual being, capable to perform its Operations in *Women* as well as *Men*; and tho' *Men* are design'd for laborious *Employs*, and such as require *Knowledge* and *Application*; *Women*, whom Custom has justly excluded from those *Employs*, (their tender and soft *Tempers* not inabling them to bear the Burden thereof) are not to be excluded from the Labouring after *Knowledge*, because it is very necessary to all, and if it prejudices any, it is such as would be much more injured by *Ignorance*, than by the *Lights* of *Knowledge*. As one that is *Half Wise* values himself even upon that little he knows, so an *Ignorant Coxcomb* is puffed up with nothing at all, and would think himself an *Angel*, should he know never so little. All that he learns, contributes much more to his *Pride*, than to his *Perfection*. Wherefore the first Step of an *Ingenious* Person is to be sensible he knows nothing; and to have a *Desire* to know much, before he knows any thing at all.

As there is nothing more desirous than *Knowledge*, so the *Difficulties* of attaining to any Degree of *Perfection* in it, require a



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great deal of *Time*, and an assiduous *Application*. This disgusts the *Lazy*, and makes 'em content themselves with being not quite *Fools*; and since a superficial *Acquaintance* may be had with the *Sciences* at a much easier Rate, they beg your Pardon for long *Watchings*, and tedious *Turning over* of Voluminous *Authors*: And if they attain to some small *Smattering* in Letters, they are vainer by half than a considerable *Proficient* in *Learning* and *Knowledge*. This pitiful Sample of *Understanding* having had no solid *Basis*, never proceeds very far; and if *Pride* and *Self-Love* did not cherish and nourish it, we could not but blush at our pretended *Scholarship*, which in Effect is nothing more than a well-varnish'd *Ignorance*. Many Men, through want of a just Relish of *Learning*, are mighty inquisitive after *Curiosities*: And these feeble fantastical Genius's never arrive to any *Perfection*; they are pleased with the good *Phantom* of *Knowledge*, and think every little *Out-of-the-way* thing that they stumble upon, is an *Arcanum* of *Nature*; for it is rare if ever these sorts of *Capacities* have their Eyes opened; and so their vain *Error* roots it self into 'em, and attends 'em to their *Grave*. The great Advantage of *Knowledge*, is, to correct all the Abuses of our mis-guided *Education*, and if possible, to establish the Soul and Reason in their proper *Empires*. He that has pry'd the most narrowly



narrowly into himself, has only the *Consolation* of discovering how ignorant he was even when he thought he knew considerably. *Real Knowledge* makes us humble, but a Smattering of *Learning* only feeds our *Pride, Vanity, and Self-Conceit*.

Certainly he who neglects *Knowledge*, is very near quitting his *Reason*; and from a Disgust of the just *Rules* of *Philosophy*, it is not far to the Loss of *Common Sense*: For how can a Person be counted Judicious that possesses nothing but those Vapours of a quick *Apprehension*, which a boiling hot Blood produces on certain occasions, where the *Disposition* of the Organs, join'd to the *Passion* which then animates him, makes him accidentally light on some good Notions, and express them rightly; whoever should judge of any Person on so bare a Tryal, would think him *Learned*, while he only possessed the *Means* of being so! No; tho' we have never so good natural Parts, they require the Master-strokes of *Sciences*, to render them accomplished, and with what fine *Wit* soever *Nature* has endow'd a *Man*, it is never naturally what it would be when assisted with the Advantages of *Learning*. It happens also sometimes, that an *Understanding Person*, that has but an indifferent *Genius*, is capable of destroying it without *Redemption*, for want of certain *Rules*: for the natural *Actions* of the *Mind* may as soon

slip by a *Truth*, as find it. It is meer *Chance* that is the *Reason* that *Women*, who are most capable through their *Acuteness* to raise themselves unto the most sublime things, and more liable through *Change* to abandon *Truth* after they have attained to it, have more need of a regular *Knowledge*, than all others to frame their *Minds* into *Order*; and to fix them firm with *Assurance*, we ought to seek after the most approved *Method* of *Study*, and stick to its *Rules* to guide our *Knowledge*; and when by such Matters as are generally approved, we have informed our selves of all things, we must not yet fancy we know enough. It is for want of a perfect *Understanding* that we make Halts in the Way of *Truth*. Scarce does a *Man's* *Life* suffice to know that which a Child should not be ignorant of; we grow weary instead of taking Courage; *Vanity* fixes us, and frequently an *Approbation* makes us so *Proud* as to neglect to take those Pains which would tend to our *Accomplishments*. We make a Stop at the first Tinctures of *Learning*, and instead of animating our selves with those *Desires* that an inlightned *Mind* would inspire, we remain in the *Condition* of the half *Learned*, which is only to appear something. However, there are but few of those elevated *Minds* that are above the *Common Level*, that fall into such *Carelessness*; they are raised by a more Noble

Impulse

*Impulse* above all *Vain-Glory* ; and that which they already know, serves as a *Spur* to make them learn more. You shall find them ( tho' fixed to the *Sentiments* of the most Eminent Authors ) instructing themselves with all the others of less Esteem, and without being puzzled with the *Vanity* of *Opinions* , confirm themselves in the most just of those which they have made *Choice*, and cause all *Oppositions* to contribute to the *Glory* of *Truth*. To know much, we ought not to value nor consult our selves ; *Self-Love* is an Enemy to *Labour* and *Pain*, and *Opinion* to *Truth* : we ought to suspect all things which we either advance of our selves, or that we are *Judges* of. Not that we should submit our selves to all sorts of *Judgments* more readily than to our own, but our own ought always to make us tremble when it is not directly conformable to the *Ancients*, and to those *Moderns* that are indued with strong and powerful *Reasons*. Wherefore it is observed, that your great *Wits* that aspire to the *Knowledge* of the most abstruce things, consult all things, continually informing themselves, and approve not much their own *Conceptions*. To what Degree and Pitch soever we have by our *Industry* advanced our *Learning*, either as to Generals or Particulars , or through the Sublimity of our *Genius's*, we should seem to have out-stript *Common Knowledge* ; yet  
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after all, this would but assure us how vast and immeasurable a *Quantity of Knowledge* lay out of Sight, as well as out of our Reach. A real *Humility* is the most infallible *Argument* of a *Man's* being a *Knowing Man*.

We ought to know all things, the better to know, and less to value our selves, and with a continual *Application*, instruct our selves in the *Knowledge of God*, in whom alone is the true *Knowledge* of all things, and the *Fulness of Eternal Wisdom*.

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## The House-Wife, or Penurious Woman.

**T**H E R E is nothing so good in its own Nature, but what *Ignorance* and *Pride* may distort to its contrary, and of a necessary *Vertue* make commodious *Vice*. That wonderful *Discretion* so requisite to every *Married Woman*, tho' so rarely to be found amongst 'em, I mean a good *Oeconomy*, is the *Preservation* of a *Mans Honour*, without the *Impairing* his *Temporal Affairs*; a judicious *Distinction* between *Penury* and *Profuseness*. *Hospitality* is often the *Ruin* of a *Man* when a vain or a *Foolish Woman* has the *Conduct* of his *Family*: What he intends generously, she lavishes away through want of *Conduct*, and willing to gratify her own *Ambition*, as well as comply with the noble free *Spirit* of her *Husband*, the *unhappy Man* finds his *Estate* sinking, and he reduced to an ungrateful *Necessity* of contracting his way of *Living*, which might have been continued had not a *Foolish Woman* had the *Management* of his *Expence*. The *Misfortune* of one extream precipitates them, or rather her, into another, more safe, but hardly more honourable: Now she is as close-fisted, as before she had been liberal, now every Body  
in



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in the *Family* must starve to repair former *Extravagances* : to drink between Meals is perfect *Gluttony* ; to eat Butter with Cheese, perfect waste ; a Crust of Bread given away at the Door is robbing her *Husband* : Sawces with Meat is *Superfluity*, and every *Relation* that comes to Dine with them, is wish'd choak'd with the first Bit he puts in his Mouth.

A *Woman* whose Heart has not been mov'd by *Gallantry*, nor by vain *Glory*, ought to fear being overcome by *Interest*, and it's a very difficult *Task* for her to avoid the *Love* of *Riches*, when she despises *Ambition*. The same Temper that leads her to live a retired Life, inclines her to hoard her Money up, and all the *Love* she expresses towards things that are reasonable at the Bottom, is but a sordid *Love* of *Wealth*. A *Covetous Woman*, that has acquired the Title of *Good House-Wife*, is wonderful in her *Vigilance*, *Exactness* and in her *Understanding*. Nothing out-does her *Cares*, nothing surprises her *Exactness*, and nothing escapes her *Knowledge*. Her *Desire* continually agitates her, which makes her more restless than others, as the continual Fear she is in to loose any thing, perpetually disturbs her. She examines all things very strictly ; she spends nothing idly, and causes her to take Notice of every thing that

is done in her *Family*, and frequently to see even what is not done in it; for on that false *Opinion* that prepossesses her, she frequently fancies things that are not. Her *Love* tyres her, her *Exactness* troubles her, and her very best *concerted Measures* deceive her: She taxes her self with *Sloth*, with *Carelessness*, and with *Blindness*, without once thinking on *Covetousness*, which is the only thing that disturbs her, and which puts her on taking a thousand Troubles upon her, which terminate in *Vice*. One may be sparing without Disturbance, and frequently an over diligent *Woman* spares more and saves less, then she looses otherwise. How many do we see amongst those that pinch in necessary *Expences*, who by a Custom of *Pemureness* at last bring themselves not to spend any thing at all, and will hazard all in hopes of a great Gain; we live no longer in the Days of *Vertue*; all things are now carried into *Extremities*. If any Person is expensive it is even to *Prodigality*; and if any are sparing, it is through *Avarice*. A *Woman* thus blinded, is the most to be lamented; for she is pass'd all Hopes of *Amendment*; some Persons may be sensible of others Errors, but such as are guilty of this *Indulge* themselves. Hardness of Heart is inseparable from it, because *Custom*, *Reason*, *Prudence*, and even *Necessity*, engage us to good *Management*, and form good *Husbandry* to

to avarice, there is but one Step to make ; which is done frequently without Consideration. An exact Person is as rare to be found under the *new*, as it was under the *ancient Law*. It is difficult to stand firm when the Ground is so slippery. It is to the Conquest of this approved *Vice* that I would conduct the *Women* of this Age ; I would fain root out their Heart, their *Spirit* of *Penureness*, take away *Activity* of *Actions*, which expresse so much Passion in those Cares they take upon themselves. I would not that any unexpected Slight, should ever surprisè them so much as to vex them that those small Losses which happen by a thousand Accidents, should disturb their Rest. It would be a very agreeable thing to see a *Woman* wise and regular. Those that pretend to those Qualities, have commonly nothing in them, but a *Craftiness* to hoar'd up, and *Obstinacy* to keep, and a dreadful *Apprehension* to loose. You shall see them employ all their Wits, in finding out ways to increase their Stores, take all the Pains imaginable to preserve the means they possess, and fret themselves to Death at the Thoughts of necessary *Expences*, and of the evil Accidents that might happen ; so, that the time pass'd is the Cause of their Regrets, the present time, that of their *Vexation*, and the time to come, that of their Fears and *Apprehensions*, Thus tormented

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in Heart and in Mind, they have no *Eyes* but to behold their own *Interest*, all they do, is in relation to that, and even their Acts of *Piety*, are bent intentionally on *Interest*. They hope from their *Prayers*, the *Prosperity* of their *Family*; and this is so true, that when the Duties of *Religion* are opposite to their *Penuriousness*, they curtail little the first, that they may not take any thing away from the latter. And there is no *Scruple* made in Relation to *Housewifery*, to take Care of the main *Chance* as they call it, before they entertain any *Thoughts* concerning *Salvation*. The *Calm* of an avaricious *Conscience*, is a *Condition* worthy *Compassion*; no *Trouble* awakens it out of that *Lethargie* of *Interest*, which *Women* suit with their Reason. Sometimes they return *God* Thanks even for that deplorable *Condition* they are in, as if it was a Gift of his *Mercy*, returning frequently less Thanks, for the Goods *God* has bestowed on them, than for the *Love* that they bear towards those *Means* they have received; for all the *Reflection* which a *Woman's* *Charity* causes her to make at the Sight of a miserable *Man's* *Condition*, is nothing but the *Resolution* of keeping safe what she has, for Fear of falling into the like *Necessity*.

A *Covetous* *Woman* seeks every where for some *Body* more *Covetous* than her self,



to be her *Model*, and to give to others an *Example* ; and the *Consequence* of this is to fix her *Mind* on avarice, so as to carry it on to the highest *Degree*, and to exercise it above all things in her *Family* ; retrenching part of what is necessary, affording no more *Nourishment* than what will serve to make *Servants* languish, but not live ; denying to herself all that she might allow to others, without *Prejudice* to the main, and leading a most miserable *Life*, under the specious *Pretence* of *House-wifery*. A *Pretence* that deceives her in abusing others, and which causes her to act such *shameful Things*, of which she glories in private, practising to herself her *Industry* in the *Performance* of a Thousand base Things, which saves her some Pence, but costs her more in *Reputation* and *Honour*, than she has of wealth. All *Reason* and even *Christianity* are to be laid aside where her *Interest* is concern'd. She forgets the *Duties* of *Blood*, of *Friendship* and of *Acknowledgment* or *Gratitude*, where there is any *Prospect* of *Gain* ; and where *Profit* has a Share. She remembers not any thing of *Duty* ; but thinks of all that she is worth, and *Interest* alone judges of all her *Circumstances*, and is the Rule of her whole *Conduct*. Such an *House-Wife* bids welcome but to such as visit her on the Account of her own *Interest*. *Birth-right*, *Good Will* and *Friendship* are always bestowed on the  
most



most *Lucky* of all her *Children*. Her Kindness in her *Family* is always for that Person, that is least chargeable, tho' he may be the Worst of all the *Servants*; and her *Distinction* amongst her Friends is always to prefer the most Rich, because he cannot be chargeable, and because she hopes for some Services from his *Credit*, *Authority*, and *Favour*: the *Greatness* of which she expresses by her obsequious Seeking after such Persons and their *Meanness*, and by the forgetting of them, which soon follows. This is the *Condition* of the *House-wifery* of this Age, which stands in need of a Rule, to be corrected by, which Rule immediately follows.

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*The Good House-Wife,*

ORDER is so necessary, that neither *Kingdoms, Commonwealths, Republicks,* nor even particular *Families* could long subsist without it. It is a Rule that preserves our *Quiet, Health, and Wealth*; we are not troubled with any *Uneasiness*; when we regulate our Time and Business; and take our Sleep and Diet with *Moderation*: Neither is our *Wealth* exhausted, when a judicious Rule fixes our *Expences*. That equitable Rule permits us not to go beyond our *Abilities*, if we seriously consult it, we keep our *Substance* in good Order, and it's rare to Die Infirm or Poor, after we have continually practised it. This is the *Vertue* which reconciles *Authority and Licence, Avarice and Prodigality*, and that by the bringing together those two opposite Ends, makes up a good thing of two *Bad ones*, and hinders the *Excesses*, in which those different *Vices* lead each particular Person, according to his particular *Temper*. It is not only necessary to each *Family*, to each *Person*, but also to every *Action* of our *Lives*. We cannot well make a *Gift, a Purchase, or a Payment*, without the *Rule*, which prescribes to buy things according to their

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Value, to pay justly what we owe, and to give what is properly our own : That a *Justice* suitable to each particular *Action* of ours, sums up the full *Number* of them all, and renders the *Course* of our *Lives* comfortable. For the most perfect *Satisfaction* in this World, is, that which the *Tranquility* of the *Soul* affords us, and that compleat *Joy* cannot subsist where *Crimes* and *Vices* reign ; for it is the Result of an irregular Conduct to hate what is *Good*, and to accustom our selves to what is *Evil*. *Excess* is the only thing that pleases a *Mind* not guided by *Reason* ; and *Reason* is too great a Friend to *Regularity*, to cohabit with *Vice* ; it drives *Vice* away, or *Vice* destroys it : It is a *Combat* that lasts but a short while, for the Strongest stands to it, and the Wisest flies. *Vice* acts Tyrannically, but *Reason* with Mildness ; and the Result of these passionate Motions, is a *Regret* proceeding either from the *Guilt* or the *Misfortune*. *Disorder* does not less separate a *Man* from *Justice* and *Honour*, than from *Vertue* ; for a Mind or an Heart that is carried away by the Power of its *Inclinations*, which submits its *Knowledge*, to the Pleasures of its own Will, and that rules its *Actions* by the *Motions* of a disorderly *Principle*, does by this universal *Confusion*, make all its conserves *Partaker* of its *Corruptions*, and creates a *Disorder* that confounds the ways

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of Truth with the Paths that lead to Falsehood, and still adds to its *Confusion* by such *Reflections* as afflict it. A *Man* is no longer capable of a happy Return from Evil to Good, from Disquietness to Rest, he stands in need of foreign Advices to regulate himself by, and tho' he knows them, he is less capable of managing them, than an absolute *Stranger*. The *Cause* of all these *Disorders*, is the forsaking of that Rule, which limited his *Duties*, and having yeilded into *Passions* that disorder'd his own *Conduct*, and that of his *Family*. This *Disorder* ruins some through Plenty, and others through Avarice. *Men* are apt to fall into this first *Error*; they yield themselves up to the *Pleasures* of this *World*, and without making *Reflections* they bestow on Pleasure all their *Wealth* and *Fortune*. They some times find some *Pleasures* also in the outward *Appearance* of an imaginary *Glory*; and tho' it proves chargeable both to their *Conscience* and to their *Purse*, yet they retrench nothing their *Retinue*; but rather increase their *Family*, as they do their *Ambition*. As to *Women* whose Minds are naturally bent to *Covetousness*, they are very different from these I have now mention'd. They increase in nothing but in *Vice*. Their *Penuriousness* makes them pinch on every thing; and their Rule consists in perpetual *Diminutions*, which Practice becomes in time *Customary* to them,  
and



and in vain does Rule admonish them in all their Household Concerns, in order to reclaim them. Nothing can move them; a neglected sick *Body*, a Child ill cloathed, a Servant ill pay'd, and worse fed, all those Disorders move not their Minds. They themselves suffer through their own *Covetousness*, and think they ought so to do; and provided there be no superfluous *Expences*, let the necessary Charges be never so retrench'd, all appears to her in a good Order. These are not the *Laws* that an Equitable Rule requires us to observe, if they forbid *Excesses*, they also forbid *Penury*; if it dis-allows continual Fastings, it permits moderate and orderly Meals, and when it retrenches the Superfluity of Dishes, it does not strike at to what is necessary for Life. While it opposes *Magnificence*, it still remains a Friend to *Decency*, and its principal Business is to limit every one to their proper Condition, and to allow of all that can be done within the just Bounds of every Man's Estate.



*The Gaming Woman.*

GAMING is a dangerous Passion, which sometimes causes in one Day the *Loss* of more than the *Expences* of a whole Year, and the most wealthy and best regulated *Family* cannot hold out against the *Extravagancies* of a *Woman* that *Plays*, who to please her self looses her Rest, and for whose *Diversion* the whole Day is too short, Night must partake of them also, and her whole Life is perpetual *Gaming*. A *Woman* whose depraved *Nature* inclines her to this, and who has been fortified in it by *Habit*, has no other Desires. She neglects all other Cares, and through a *Passionate Pre-Possession*, makes of *Gaming* a *Law*, an *Honour*, and a *Rule*. She examines what is its due, and performs it exactly, casts up the *Expences* of it, and liberally supplies them: She approves of its Rules, and observes them Regularly. Therefore such a *Woman* is rarely at Church, at such *Visits* as she is obliged to pay, nor at home. Through this *Profession* of being a *Gamemstress*, she renounces to *Piety*, *Honour*, and *Regularity*; she cannot comply with all the *Obligations* of her *Duties*, while her *Passion* imposes others upon her, that are so

so pressing, so active, and so continual, that she has no *Time*, no *Desire*, nor *Love*, for any thing else. She hates all other *Diversions*, but through the *Love* she has for that Particular one, she is sparing in all things but those which conserve Gaming to defray the *Expences* of it. And it is these *Gaming-Tables* that cause the Loss of all our *Wealth*, and create the *Greediness* of Riches ; at these the whole *Delight* of their *Souls*, does profusely waste it self. The *Broils* which *Interest* causes in *Disputes* are but as so many Grains of *Salt* to whet their *Appetites*. The *Vexations* are suited to their *Pleasures*: they are mov'd ; but to appease themselves again, and they appease themselves, but to be the oftner transported. It's in those opposite *Passions* that they find their *Healths*, and *Satisfactions*, and they are never seen more pleas'd, than in the Midst of the *Confusions* of *Gaming-Houses*, where *Interest* Avarice, and Deceit maintain their *Nocturnal Empire*. There they fortify their *Passion*, empty their *Purses*, and spend their *Lives*. There a *Woman* looses all the *Ideas* of *Vertue*, and is apt to receive and entertain a Thousand unworthy *Secret-Passions*, under the Veil of this publick one. There are frequent *Appointments* made on the Account of *Voluptuousness*, as well as of *Interest*. Those unlawful *Assemblies* are as favourable to the *Demon* of *Impurity*, as to that of *Blasphemy*. *Fury* and

*Debauchery* are found there; and in the Midst of such an horrid *Society* will. Some *Women* glory to have a Place, and she gives her self a *Reputation* in the World, in declaring she is one of that *Society*. She even seems to glory in those *Misfortunes*, which are the *Punishments* of her *Disorders*. For she brags loudly of her Losses, and endeavours to comfort her self in them, by converting them into *Merits*, never considering that this *Superfluity* which she bestows on chance, is what *Providence* has deposited to her Care, for the Use of her *Family*, or the *Poor* at least. But how can the Concerns for *Religion*, and for her *Neighbour* move her, and cure her *Weakness*, when more sensible Reasons, tho' less powerful, make no *Impressions* on her Heart? and not limiting her self to the *Expences* of what is superfluous, she also lavishes that which is purely necessary; and the Sight of a *Discontented Husband*, of miserable Children, of a ruin'd *Family*, and of all the Evils to which she exposes her self, are not sufficient to reclaim her. Want will sooner exclude her from *Gaming*, than *Reason* can banish that *Passion* from her Heart; and she must become the scorn and *Contempt* of all the World, before she can leave off. What *Blindness*, what *Darkness*, do such *Passions* infuse into a *Soul*? She is ignorant of the very *Evils* that she suffers; and when she finds that she cannot

cure

cure her *Passion*, nor satisfy it, then it is that she begins to examine her *Condition*, and not before ; and the *Impossibility* she is in to continue her ill Course, makes her sensible of it ; she beholds a great Number of *Evils*, that have been caus'd by one single *Passion*, she looks on the *Consequences* of the unruly *Motions* of her *Heart* ; but this *Knowledge* does but half enlighten her. She but hates the *Effects* of that Cause, she still *Loves*, and her greatest *Sorrow* is, not for being unfortunate, but because she has no longer the Means to make her self so, and to be reduc'd to acknowledge an Evil, which she still pursues.

Other *Vices* have something to plead in their own Behalf ; but the Itch of *Gaming* is the most unaccountable, as having no *Excuse*, no *Incentive*, but *Vice* alone ; for abstracting from the *Passions* it provokes us to, it subsists by a *Covetous Desire* of what is anothers, or a lavish Squandering away our own. *Nature* has made *Man* a sensible *Creature*. *Beauty* moves him, the *Action* such as the World could not continue long without. *Time* takes away the violent *Edge* of it, when vigorous Youth finds it self tempted to frequent *Sallies*. *Wine* was the immediate *Blessing* of *Heaven*, to cheer our languishing *Spirits*, the *Consolation* of the *Afflicted*, the *Joy* of the *Happy*, the *Benefit* of the *Rich*,  
and



and the *Cordial* of the *Poor* ; and if it's Charms do now and then trip up the Heels of our *Discretion*, a Day or two's *Moderation* sets all in order again. But nothing can recal the *Precious Pence*, that unlucky run of the *Dice* has now determin'd to be no longer your own : And 'tis observable that this *Plague of Gaming* grows more obstinate by Age, and will not admit of any Cure, while a Foot of Land, or a Penny is left. This *Cursed Fire* cannot be extinguish'd, but by want of Fewel. How many *Rascals* keep their *Coaches* at the *Expence* of young *Noblemen*, and in the *Revolution* of a few Years, have shaken great Estates out of the rich *Heirs-Pockets* into their own ; and a fat *Man* vie Equipage with the Duke he bullied.

If we see some few Persons reclaim'd from the Exercise of *Gaming*, we see none decline the *Love* of it. They cease playing, but cease not to love it ; and that remnant of *Injustice* that is in them, serves but to renew that *Fury* at the first *Occasion* that will offer it self, and to snatch from them that little which *Providence* sends. You shall see some that torment themselves, and give themselves a World of *Trouble*, and all the Fruits of their *Labour* are laid on a single Card. They'll toyl a whole Month to play one Hour only, and their *Labour* is as full of Evil as is their *Pleasure*, doing the  
one



one but in *Love* to the other; and this strange *Pre-Possession* renders them, equally passionate in all the other *Actions* of their Lives.

If a *Christian Woman* did but know to what *Extremity* such a *Passion* leads, and the *Difficulty* of getting off after once engag'd in it, she would never allow her self the Use of so dangerous an *Exercise*, and look on all other *Diversions* as guilty, while she would hold this for *Harmelefs*. It is the most seducing of all *Passions*, because its beginning is approved by all, and is blamed, but in its *Excess*, to which none *Designs* to attain. Its *Power* which begins under the *Pretence* of a *Diversion*, does so insensibly increase, that that *Pleasure* does frequently turn to a *Necessity*, and from an Hour employ'd at it, one comes to spend a whole Life; and this is done without thinking on it, much less after 'tis once done; for time runs away so easily at it, that for want of observing it, the Loss is without *Redemption*; the Term of our Lives finishes, and the long Series of our Days passes away without the Use of one Grain of *Vertue*, or *Employment*; and of so many Moments that we had at our Disposal, there remains but one to regret all the others in. In this last we have so much Sight as serves to punish us, it's small space contains the *Idea* of all the others, and the Sight of that infinite Number of the  
pass'd

pass'd wasted Moments, makes us sensible of the *Eternity* of the *Time* to come, when we shall answer for every ill spent Moment of our *Lives*. If all the Moments of our *Lives* are numbred, how ought we to manage them to render us perfect ; and if our whole *Life* ought to be employ'd in one continued *Prayer*, let us so order our *Affairs*, that those *Moments*, which we cease from giving to *GOD*, be not spent in *Idleness* ; but let us employ them carefully in the ways of *Vertue*, and never let any part of our *Time* be useless to our *Salvation*.

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## The Diligent Woman.

OF all natural *Inclinations*, *Idleness* is the worst and most dangerous. It is hard for a Person born with that unhappy *Disposition*, to have any great Share of *Reason*, or of *Vertue*; which makes *Employment* to be so necessary a thing for all Persons: There should not be one Moment lost in the whole Life of a wise and worthy Person. Therefore a *Woman* of Sense ought not only to perform her *Duties*, but to *employ* her whole Time also; and that each Moment of it may be found weighty, she ought to begin her *Labour* with her Life, and her Life must be one continual *Action* to the Glory of GOD. And if the Difference of Times which composes her Life alter her *Employments*, let it be in rendering them still more and more *Vertuous*, more *Noble*, and of a more large *Extent*; she never ought to be seen free from Care. *Providence* has impos'd on her, as well as on *Men*, a perpetual *Labour* in the Work of their *Salvation*. To perform well that Task, a *Woman* must have a zealous *Vigilance*; which may wean her from the fatal *Dulness* of *Self-Love*. Whoever is convinc'd, must be animated also, and who wants not *Faith*, wants not *Courage* likewise; the Bottom of the Heart

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Heart being once corrupted, that Heap of *Corruptions* becomes the Cause of that soft and easy Life which the *Women* of this Age lead. If *Religion* was believ'd, it would be practis'd also, but it is profess'd and not known, or but by halves, and without being practis'd; and all these *Disorders* render the Soul, insensible of what relates to *Eternity*. It must not surprise us, to see, that a *Woman* who has no more *Religion* than another, shall yet abound in *Self-Love*, and seek more after *Pleasures*, then after any good *Employment*.

*Slothfulness* is the High-road to *Crimes*, and to all manner of *Voluptuousness*; and tho' it is more difficult to please Men than GOD, Yet it is more easy for *Women* to endeavour to please Men, than to do any thing else. That *Desire* keeps them perpetually out of *Action*, and to rectify that unhappy *Tendency* towards *Worldly* things, the Heart must be touch'd with a *Divine Inspiration*, and *Grace* must act an extraordinary *Effect* in their Behalf. But that *Grace* will not operate without the *Assistance*, they must give way to that *Divine Vertue*, they must begin their own *Conversion*; if not in abandoning immediately, at least in forsaking *Idleness*, the first Cause of all those *Passions* that make us guilty. Wherefore no *Diversion* no *Rest*; let *Prayer* begin and conclude the Day, they must not  
only



## A DILIGENT WOMAN. 63

only *Labour*, but they must *Labour* for GOD also. Those that are animtaed with a good *Intention*, can never be tir'd, and the way to act with *Efficacy* and *Constancy*, is to consider that Time is the way that leads to *Eternity*, that the Loss of it is irrecoverable, and that the way is to *Distance* our selves from the *Vertue*. This same Time, seems slow paced and tedious when we suffer in the Intervals of it ; but flies away swifter than thought, when *Pleasure* attends each Moment. But to those that idly let it pass, it becomes that vast Emptiness, which contains their *Disorders*, and that draws their *Condemnation* upon them. Short and unknown Term! precious, yet fatal Moment! Time on which depends *Eternity*, shalt thou always be forgotten? Always neglected, and always spent in vain, and never vertuously applied? Shall *Interest* and *Pleasure* be the Cause of all our *Actions*, but in order to grow wealthy, or to please our selves in some other Manner, shall Avarice and *Voluptuousness* always reign as *Sovereigns* in the Bottom of our Hearts, our Lives be spent in serving our selves, or in loosing our *Wealth*, and can we not by a generous Force separate our *Will*? Satisfy the *Desires* of *Nature*, without pleasing our own *Desires*: And so regulate each Moment, as to exempt it from the *Crime* of *Idleness*? There is no *Condition* that has not need of its whole Time, to fill



fill up the *Duties* thereof: And those Moments that a *Woman* spends in *Gaming*, are so many stolen from those appointed *Duties*; was there but that *Fault* only to render her guilty, it would do it infinitely, if not through the *Evil* she has committed, yet through the Good she has omitted. For the Neglect of *Duty* is not much less than the Commitment of *Evil*, the *Truth* is not well known. We are apt to flatter our selves that *Idleness* may be Innocent, or at worst not very *Criminal*. We applaud our selves for being *Vertuous*, because we are not guilty; and in the Course of a Lake-warm Life, condemn'd by *Christ*, we promise to our selves the *Rewards* of *Eternity*, which is reserv'd, for those violent Persons mention'd in the *Scriptures*, who wean themselves from the World, to apply themselves entirely to *GOD's Glory*. Yea, Zeal of *Action*, virtuous *Earnestness*, Design of *Providence*, *Employments* unknown to *Libertines*, and neglected by the Wise! We have pass'd the Time of knowing you, when we can no longer put you in Practice, neither can you be put into Practice, when we have no Time left to know you in. You are not neglected without *Danger*, seeing that no *Crime* can be constantly avoided, and *Vertue* preserv'd, but by your *Assistance*. You are so necessary to a *Christian Life*, that those who would

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## A DILIGENT WOMAN. 65

Religiously devote themselves to G O D, and renounce all the *Maximes* of the World, ought not to spare you one Moment. Their Life ought to be continually employ'd, and their Time fill'd up, that their *Eternity* may be happy.

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## *The Litigious Woman.*

**I**F the *Soul's* Tranquility, and the *Heart's* Quietness, be a compleat *Happiness*; perpetual *Troubles* and *Vexations* are to be accounted very great *Evils*; and this is the *Lot* of those that are in *Law*, especially amongst *Women*, who being more sensibly concerned at any imaginary *Injuries* than *Men*, are more frequently *affrightned*, *afflicted*, and *fretted*. When their wronged *Interest* leads them to maintain their *Right*, and that *Law* agreeing with their *Humour*, makes them wholly apply themselves to their own *Concerns*, giving themselves up a *Prey* to the *Cares* of their *Wealth*; then do they employ their whole *Time*, all their *Cares*, their whole *Mind*, and sometimes all their chiefest *Good*, to gain such as they enjoy but in bare *Speculation*. When once an *Heart* is pleased to be concerned in a disputed *Interest*, and that the *Difficulty* of it does but the more whet the *Desires*, that *Custom* begins to strengthen the natural *Inclination*, and that *Opportunity* offers a *Fortune*, or a sweet *Revenge* for an *Injury* received, who can forbear going to *Law*? The *Heart* is delighted in the very *Anticipation*, it reckons on its own *Desires*, the

*Desira*

*Dèfire* assures the *Possession*, and on this Ground it acts; and all the Designs that our *Imagination* can furnish us with, are employ'd to bring about our *Project*: All is employ'd about a Chymical *Nothing*. On the contrary, when once a *Woman* has had some *Smackering* of the *Law*, or the Account of *Malice*, *Injustice*, or *Interest*, and that she begins to know the *ways* and *Methods* of *Quarelling*, according to the ancient and laudable Custom of *Westminster-Hall*; *Pride* then is added to the former *Defects*, and frequently she is so prepossessed with her own Skill that way, that she is for continuing such Law-suits, in which she has not the least Concern, and will plead less to gain the Cause, than to set forth her Abilities that way, and to please her own vain Huntour. A *Woman* of this *Complexion*, is an insufferable *Creature*, especially when she has been instructed by the whole *Management* of Business, according to the Rules of Art, in an Hundred different Law-tricks, by which she her self has formerly been deceived: The natural Effect of vexatious Law-suites, is to crack the Brains, if not through folly, yet through Obstinacy, and that is one of the *Womens* chiefest *Talents*. The *Vexatiousness* of Business becomes their *Diversiion*, as well as *Employ*, and that which was at first their Business, is made in Process of time, their very *Recreation* too. By these means



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they nourish, enliven, and please all their *Passions*. Their *Interest*, *Hatred*, *Slander*, *Self-Love*, and even *Voluptuousness* are therein gratified. They endeavour to please, that Point is gain'd, *Ornaments* may further take, they are presently employ'd, and all things else, to engage a *Judge* in their *Interests*. *Beauty* requires *Art's Assistance*, *Wit* spares nothing to tickle the Mind, to move and gain the Heart of that *Magistrate*, on whose *Pleasure* the Cause depends; and all the Charges that *Truth*, *Prudence*, and *Vertue* are at, are reckon'd nothing, provided they get the Day. A Thousand known *Evils* are annexed to the Pursuit of the Cause, and a Thousand more committed tho' unknown, make an end of distracting the *Soul*, and rendering it guilty beyond *Redemption*. Nice *Quarels* which Time and Absence had almost buried in an *Eternal Oblivion*, receive again under *Pretence* of an *Interest*, that *Honour* engages 'em to maintain: And that first Step which conceal'd *Passion* has made, causes a Thousand others more Wicked than the first. *Truth* is almost stretch'd out to the *Magnitude* of a Lye, that it may be believ'd; And in order to destroy the adverse Parties Lyes, a *Man* shall make no Scruple to Slander; and on the Account of some Right to a Temporal Estate, claims a Right to every thing, and takes the Liberty to speak all he knows, to impose all one pleases, and to do  
any

any thing else to maintain that Right, which sometimes is but imaginary. There is no Account of Time given, Cares are not neglected, Money is not spar'd, and the Welfare of the *Soul* is not regarded. On the *Management* of Law-suites nothing is more forgotten than the Care of the *Soul*; especially amongst those *Women* that are prepossessed with Envy, animated by *Interest*, and back'd by Hatred: there is no falling back. The best *Reasons* that condemn them, cannot convince them; whatsoever they undertake to their own Profit, appears always just to them; and rarely a Law-suit comes to *Arbitration*, when *Women* follow it. Out of one Law-Concern, they create to themselves a whole Course of Business, and of Pleasure, the various *Dispositions* of their Concerns make up a kind of pleasing Novelty, which gratifies their *Labour*. Their *Passions* are exercised by Turns, and the end of their Life preceeds that of their Law-suit. Their imperfect *Enterprises* is a *Sorrow* which holds place of those *Vertues* that they have neglected, and the Care of their Law-suit in this World, is going to determine the State of their Condition in another.

If a good *Christian Woman* did but examine into what dreadful *Engagements* their Cares do lead them, they would not so easily go to Law; the Loss of Time, the *Alienation* of their Thoughts from G O D, the

*Neglect* of themselves, and a Thousand other *Motives* would restrain their greedy *Interest*, and for Fear of loosing their *Souls*, they would not venture them to gain an Estate. It is not *Vertue* alone suffers by it, *Honour*, *Decency*, *Civility*, and all other good Qualities are destroy'd, where a *Love* to *Litigiousness* predominates. There is no more *Justice* to be had towards others, no more Respects of Ranks and Qualities, no more Regard to Age; *Self-Love* alone swallows all the rest. There are no more Thoughts but for ones self, no more Talk but of ones self, all Friends are tired with the perpetual *Prosecution* of their Right, which takes away the Opportunity of hearing, and receiving their *Advice*. The more their Reasons would enlighten, the stronger is our *Obstinacy*, and in their Endeavours to reduce us to *Truth* and *Justice*, they remove themselves from our *Esteem*, and we neglect their good *Councils*, because they discover our *Defects*. We would be indulged in our *Errors*; and of all the *Errors*, the most dangerous is that which we make Choice of, that is examin'd, that is consider'd, which takes us up, which employs us, which troubles us, which satisfies us, which flatters us, which revenges us, which gives us *Wealth*, and which continues to please us. This is the true *Image* of a Law-suit, and the whole *Effect* it has on the Heart of a *Litigious Woman*.

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We must not stand gazing at the *Evils* it causes, but prevent them, avoid them, or cure them. Peace will supply us with all the means; it is that which knows how, and which can only give the Quiet of the Heart and Mind. It teaches us how to preserve our Estates without Law-suits, or to make use of the Law without *Offence* to GOD.

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*The Quiet Woman.*

**P**EACE is a Blessing we seek after, the *Charmes* it possesses we know not, tho' we concern our selves about the *Advantages* which it procures us ; and for want of knowing the Value , that its *Tranquility* affords us, we cannot find the Height of its *Perfection*. To seek after it effectually, and to find it with Ease, we should be inform'd of its *Qualities*, its *Effects*, of the Store of its *Comeliness*, of that Stock of Blessing which it affords, of that sweet and quiet Happiness which is found only in it. What Weakness is it in the *Troubles* of a *Tumultuous* Life, full of such Cares as the Mind greedily catches at, to imagine to find a comfortable Peace, which is an absolute Gift of GOD, a Sense of the *Divinity*, a State or Temper, in which the Power of outward things do no longer act within us, and which being enlightned, separated, and dis-jointed from Worldly things, is rais'd above the Fears and Desires which such things usually produce. It is in these things that *Peace* consists, in a reasonable *Vertue*, or in a *vertuous Reason*, which comprehends a just *Will*, and a sound *Judgment*, an Heart seriously fixed on its *Duties*, a Mind thoroughly

thoroughly convinc'd of *Truth*, that perceives it, follows and loves it where ever it is. A right *Regulation* of ones Mind and Heart, is not above us, as we imagine; we are not allow'd to raise our *Knowledge* to certain Heights; but it is possible for us to redress them so far as they are to reach, and as the *Excellency* of our Understanding depends on *Providence*, which indifferently distributes *Common Sense*; *Righteousness* and *Truth* depend on the *Violence* which is made to those *Passions*, which oppose themselves to their *Effects*. Every Body may be perfectly rational if they will, their *Reason* depends on their *Will*, and on their *Reason* depends that *Peace* which it seeks after. In the Bottom of an Heart wasted with a Thousand *Incumbrances*; in the midst of a Mind that is cross'd, and led astray, and seduced by an Hundred *Errors*, there is no *Peace* to be found. Neither will it be found in the *Engagements* of a *Soul*, carried head-long by its own *Inclinations*, which freely yields to the Charms of a conceal'd *Passion*. It's *Divine Quiet* is quite opposite to those *Human Confusions* which disturb us: And if we would enjoy a true *Peace*, we must rightly seek after it, in *Truth* it self. A true *Peace* consists in the *Quiet* of the *Soul*, which nothing can disturb. We must be dis-ingag'd from those troublesome Thoughts which possess our whole Lives, of that *Interest* which allows

us to attempt any thing of that *Self-Love* that prepossesses us, and renders us too sensible of all things ; and this way which leads us to this *Peace*, is a certain By-way unknown to the Will. The Troubles and Cares of *Wealth* and *Riches* have Charms, which deface the *Quiet* of *Indigency*, and we easily sacrifice our *Tranquility* to our *Wealth*, without considering that all the Means and Riches of the World are not worth one Moment of that *Tranquility*, or of that *Quietness* that is unalterable ; of that *Peace* which the Mind feels, which the Heart loves, and which reigns in a *Christian Soul*. But to make it sensible before hand of that *Immensity*, of that *Eternal* rest that is prepared for it. *Rest*, *Tranquility*, and *Peace*, which admits of no passionate *Vigilance*, nor of any deserved *Hatred*, nor of *Confusion* of *Affairs*, nor of the *Trouble* of *Disputes*, nor of the *Loss* of *Time* ; but that communicates by its sweet *Temper*, and *Contempt* of *Riches*, a *Good Will* towards our *Neighbour*, a *Love* for *Justice*, which makes us to avoid all things that might disturb us. And because Law-suits and Cavils expose a *Soul* to an Hundred new *Dangers* of offending *G O D*, it flies from them, to the *Loss* of its *Worldly Interest* ; and when at any time it finds it self forcibly engag'd therein, it maintains, it follows, and ends them, according to  
*Truth,*

*Truth, Right, and Justice.* Such a *Man's* Heart is equally peaceable in the *Tumult* of *Affairs*, makes Use of none but lawful and just Means to bring it about ; because he is exempted from that servile and guilty Fear of Losses, which *Interest* produces in those to whom *Peace* is of less *Value* than *Wealth*.

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A  
 DESCRIPTION  
 OF  
 SELF-LOVE,  
 OR,  
*The Predominant Passion of WOMEN.*

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*By Mr. Tho. Brown.*

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**T**HOUGH all the *Passions* torment, agitate, and provoke us, yet there is one that still predominates over all the rest, and every one feels within himself a *Tyrannical Passion*, which being as a *Primum Mobile* to the rest, drags us where it pleases, and leads us by its *Violence*, to an Hundred different *Distractions*, from which  
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we cannot defend our selves, through those Charms that we find in it. It is our natural *Temper* that makes choice of one *Passion* to rise above the rest, and commonly every one follows an Opinion according to his *Inclinations*, and a *Passion* according to his *Nature*. But in this *Discourse*, I do not pretend to perswade this Truth, that of all the *Passions*, *Self-Love* is the most dangerous ; I only design to describe how that *Passion* is so predominant in *Women*, and the *Reasons* why they all have the same? and that neither Rank nor Temper can hinder *Self-Love* from being the *Favourite* and *Darling* of that *Sex*, and to sway a soveraign *Empire* over all *Women*. Yet I must except those, who being sensible of the *Truth* I here deliver, and whole employ all their *Cares* to fortify themselves against that charming *Propensity*. They ought to fear it above all others, because it is the most Natural, the most in use to them, and the most common. That *Women* are born with it, their *Reason* fortifies them in it, and their *Condition* engages them to it. As they are born more weak and tender, they favour themselves in many things, and tolerate themselves in many others ; therefore it is so rare to find any *Women* exempted from *Pre-possession* of the Mind, from a *Tendency* for *Fopperies*, an *Obstinacy* in *Opinions*, and an *Inconstancy* in all things. In a Con-

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cern of *Interest*, a *Woman* has not the Power to moderate her violent Temper; and the Cause of this Disorder is that *Self-Love* which over-powers her; that *Self-Love* so unknown, and yet so imperious, which masters the Will, and makes it move according to its own *Pleasure*.

It is of this very *Self-Love* that I design to give an *Idea*: In our selves, we have a certain Sense, which makes us to desire that which may render us happy, and which prepossesses us that this Happiness consists in the *Pleasures* of the *Mind*, or of the *Senses*. Betwixt the *Desires* of Happiness according to *Reason*, and *Desires* which are inspired to us by *Self-Love*, there is but one *Distinction*. The one incites us to desire an Happiness which we apprehend not, and which makes us to adore that sovereign Principle from whom we expect it; and the other makes us to desire such an Happiness as we may feel, and know so soon as we desire it. *Voluptuousness* is in our *Souls* through the Means of *Self-Love*, but our *Happiness* is found there through a *Christian Soul's Desires*: On the contrary, from the *Desires* which *Self-Love* inspires us with, are produced all those various *Niceties* incident to *Women*, viz. *Pre-possession*, *Carelessness*, *Vanity*, *Indulgence*, *Idleness*, and an Hundred other *Defects*, which they pass under the Notion of the natural *Qualities* of their *Sex*.

So



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So soon as the Heart is fill'd with that *Insensibility*, with that *Self-Love*, with a *Longing* after those delectable things that flatter and please us, good Night to *Vertue*, *Reason*, *Honour*, and all such things, as require a *Soul* rais'd above the common *Level*. *Self-Love* is the Principle of all the *Passions*, and of all *Vices*, it is more difficult to be destroy'd than all the other *Defects*; its Tyranny being a kind of Spur which pricks us on, and drives us towards our selves, to to seek after Flattery, and love our selves.

It is not difficult to love ones self, because it is a *Natural Right*, and that there is no being which concurs not, through a proper *Impulse*, not only to its *Conservation*, but to its *Satisfaction* also. Therefore *Self-Love* is the first *Passion*, I mean, the most *tenacious*, tho' not the strongest: It is the most natural, the most mild, the most pleasing, the most seducing, and all those *Qualities* produce great *Effects* on *Womens Minds*; their *Complexions*, their *Temper*, their *Educations*, and their very *Ignorance*, render them more sensible of that *Passion*, which ever acts effectually with that *Sex*. There the proper *Qualities* join together, which frame an *Union* betwixt themselves; and that *Passion*, and all those others to which *Women* abandon themselves, are mov'd by that *Self-Love*

*Love*, which stirs them up but to render them subservient to its Designs, and employs them to assist it in the *Destruction* of *Vertue* and *Reason*.

Indeed if we but reflect upon the mighty Care and Pains that are continually taken in the *Education* of young *Women*, and more particularly of those who are the best able to set a *Lustre* upon *Vertue* by their distinguishing Rank and opulent Fortunes, we ought to look down with pity, not to say *Indignation* on their Parents, who are at such vast *Expenses* as to make 'em so many *Scandals* of their *Families*, and publick Reproaches of their *Sex*. *Religion* they are utter Strangers to; *Vertue* they only talk off; *Goodness* they understand not, and every tender *Motion* of *Compassion* is odious to 'em, as subtracting so much from the *Felicity* of their *Grandeur*, that it makes 'em mindful that *Flesh* and *Blood* may be miserable: The *Affluence* of their own *Circumstances* makes 'em insensible of the common *Calamities* of a narrow *Fortune*. The humble *Prostration* of every one about 'em fans that raging Fire that *Self-Love* had kindled, and by a continued Series of *Indulgence* and *Flattery*, they become so hard'ned in *Self-Love*, that no *Human Reason* can root it out of their Minds. Therefore, that *Self-Love*, which indulges her Mind in *Ignorance*, and her Body in ease, inspires her

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with voluptuous *Inclinations*; also after it has brought her up to useless Trifles, so soon as *Reason* appears, *Self-Love* presents her with agreeable *Objects* where with to seduce her, entertains the *Judgment* with *Projects* and *Designs*, that are useful and delightful; and according to her Heart's *Inclinations*, it gives her up to some *Condition* seemingly agreeable; it even deprives of all *Pains* and *Troubles* those *Pleasures* which it proposes, and that *Joy* which *Self-Love* promises to the *Accomplishment* of our *Desires*, appears without *Mixture*; it never mixes *Pleasure* with those bitter things, which are felt in the use of *Pleasure*, and when a *Woman* would check her self for the false *Opinion* which she had conceiv'd of *Pleasures*, Ingenious *Self-Love* flatters her with what is to come, and makes her to wish for those Delights that it represents to deceive her so long as it possesses her. These are still but its meanest *Effects*; it is that which makes *Women* to neglect the *Esteem* of *Men*, or that makes us to seek too earnestly after it. (\*) With what do you think is a *Woman* pre-possessed, which engages her Heart, and endeavours to gain others, where Friendship has much less to do than *Love*, if not with an excessive *Self-Love*, which obliges her to seek after her self, in strange *Objects*, and to inspire the

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\* The wanton and loose Woman.

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same *Desires* in the Heart of that *Person* which has produc'd it first in hers. She communicates that *Self-Love* which she feels in her self: She carries her *Passion* to that *Person* in whom she finds her *Delight*, and under the Pretence of loving one another, they both effectively love but themselves; but that is not all, *Self-Love* is as great a Friend to *Interest*, as it is to *Voluptuousness*. Those *Women* who are observ'd to seek after advantageous *Friendships* with all the careful *Complaisances* imaginable, those who under laborious *Employs*, conceal that *Satisfaction* which they expect from their *Labours*, are not less Subject to *Self-Love*, than those that abandon themselves to a soft and idle Life.

There is a *Self-Love* that will endure *Labour*, as there is a careless one, yet they are still the same; and a veil of *Piety*, which draws respect, is no less a *Self-Love*, than the Splendor of a pleasing *Gallantry*. Those are deceiv'd that believe that *Self-Love* reigns only amongst wanton and loose *Women*, that it only abides amongst them that are possess'd with *Voluptuousness*, *Softness*, *Ease*, *Vanity*, *Obstinacy*, *Pride*, *Sensuality*, and the Care of gratifying their *Passions*, and to yield to the Senses of all the *Pleasures*, which each in particular requires.

Thus we have demonstrated our first Point; to proceed now to the second,



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(viz. the Bigots) is it not evident, that it is not only the gallant, wanton, loose *Women*, that are liable to these *Defects*; but those that profess *Piety* as well as those that glory in *Disorders*, have a Stock of *Self-Love*, which renders *Vices* familiar to them as well as to others, be they take too little Care to suppress it. It is frequently observed that those who pretend most to *Devotion*, are those that *Love* themselves most: And amongst so many *Vertues* they boast of, there is not a Grain of *Charity* to be found; of that *Charity* which in obliging them to love GOD above all things, should at the same time incline them perfectly to hate themselves. And that is the *Reason*, that in this seeming and pretended *Regularity*, there are always found some *Reliques* of the *Old Adam*; wherefore you shall find your Bigot *Women* always more ready to resent an *Injury*, than those from whom one would expect the most passionate Returns. They have less of Anger outwardly, but more of *Revenge* within, because that the Habit of *Moderation* renders their first *Motions* more calm, and the second more durable; and *Self-Love* takes special Care to preserve in their Minds the *Remembrance* of the least *Injury*, which *Charity* might easily wipe off, if it lodg'd in their Hearts. The *Ignorance* of *Women* is a very surprising thing, it overpowers all their *Senses*, and *Self-Love* is the Cause

Cause of it. No sensible *Woman* would flatter, applaud unjustly, tolerate, and pardon their own Faults tho' very considerable, if they did not love themselves so much better than others. We must be convinc'd of the flattering Manner, in which *Self-Love* presents our evil *Inclinations* to us, and we can never be too severe against it, when we would have it do *Justice*.

It is with this *Mixture* of *Mildness* and *Severity*, that a *Woman* is to provide her self with as to her *Conduct*; of *Severity* in what Concerns her self, and of *Mildness* in respect to others. Her *Mildness* to others saves her from Slander, and her *Severity* towards her self, will place her above *Self-Love*; that *Passion* so difficult to be overcome, as being the most universal and amiable.

As to those *Women* that are not numbred amongst the former for *Wantonness*, *Piety*, or *Wit*, but lead a retired Life, are assiduous in their *Affairs*, and apply themselves in managing those Means they have suitable to their own *Conditions*; these also are not wholly shelter'd from the woful *Effects* of *Self-Love*, which frequently is the *Motive* of their *House-wifery*, and that makes them avoid all *Superfluities*: but as this *Self-Love* is of an insatiable Nature, it frequently screws *Oeconomy* up to *Avarice*. A *Woman* shall deny her self those things that are necessary through the *Satisfaction* she feels

in the hopes of a *future* heap of *Wealth*, while at the same time she procures to her self a *Present* and real *Want*, of which she is not sensible through the Blindness of *Self-Love*: And this is so certain, that amongst such *Women* of an ordinary *Condition*, who for the Benefit of their *Families* are concerned in some way of Trade, there is observ'd such a store of *Self-Love*, as governs all their *Actions*. It is very rare to find a *Woman* who takes Business upon her with a Spirit of *Meekness* and of *Carefulness*, and who has no other aim in it than her Duty, and the Fear of God. Never did the Praise and Representation of the *Vertuous Woman* mention'd in the *Scripture*, appear a *Meer-Idea*, (of which the Reality can never be found) more than in this Age, and the Cause of it is, that *Self-Love* which deprives *Women* of all those excellent *Qualities*, which the *Scripture* expresses as most necessary to render a *Woman* perfect. So long as a *Woman* yields to those secret *Impulses*, that estrange from a severe *Justice*, she is incapable of *Perfection*; I say, the *Severity* of *Justice*, because *Nature* has a *Tendency*, that is imperfect; which opposes it self to Right, and which makes that even indifferent things become difficult to her. It is but with great *Information*, and many Struglings that a *Woman* can overcome such a natural *Propensity*, which leads her out of the way of *Perfection*.

*fection.* How can the most part of *Women* be able to use that generous way of tearing themselves from their *Self-Love*, to give themselves up to *Wisdom*?

If therefore this insinuating *Quality*, can find Ways and Means to supplant our *Reason*, what can we expect from those *Ladies* whose Lives have been but one continued Thread of *Gaiety*, *Idleness*, *Ignorance*, *Vanity* and *Voluptuousness*: How can this *Cursed Passion* be extirpated after so long an *Empire*, rivetted so firmly by the continued *Indulgences* of *Flatterers* in Acquaintance, *Flatterers* in Conversation, *Flatterers* in the most private *Retirements* with their own *Domesticks*: In a Word, they suck'd it in with their *Milk*, and all their *Infancy* was nourished up in a Thousand *Opportunities* of creating *Self-Love*, if *Nature* peradventure had not superceded that *Misfortune* in our *Education*. There is a vast *Distance* betwixt idle *Conversations*, perpetual *Gaming*, slothful *Insipid* assemblies, and *Vertuous Employments* that are continual. *Self-Love*, manages too well its own *Interest*, with those *Women* that are given up to *Gaming*, to please them within sight of that *Abyss*, which is betwixt their *Conduct*, and the *Maximes* of a *Christian Life*; through which they can not pass. And I wonder not that *Self-Love* which governs all *Women*, leaves not one Moment at the *Gamstress*, her



disposal but to play in, or desire to do so : If they had but some free Moments from that *Pre-possession*, they could not behold the *Idleness* of their past Life, without proposing to themselves a more useful After-time : And that is one of the secret *Politicks* of *Self-Love*, so to guild over the Object that amuses them, that they ever be employ'd in it : Tho' really *Gaming* can never be call'd an *Employ*, being only a kind of moving *Idleness*, or a *Diversion* from better things ; which should never be us'd, but to afford *Nature* some *Moments* of rest, to gratify its *Weakness*. But *Self-Love*, that seducing *Passion*, never proposes such ways to *Women* ; but to surfeit them, and make them give up their whole Time and Heart to that *Foolishness*, which so well agrees with that *Passion*, that causes it to be so entirely belov'd ; for *Self-Love* supports that *Idleness* of the *Mind* and *Body*, which feeds and nourishes it self ; it fills the *Soul*, but does not nourish it ; it is wholly devoted to that *Pre-possession* that lulls it asleep, and renders it insensible, and incapable of embracing those *Reflections*, and *Ideas* with the *Inspirations*, and all the *Impulses* which *Grace* and *Reason* promotes, in order to enlighten them.

But this *Self-Love* has so well establish'd it self in the Heart of *Women* through that *Maxime*, that thereby it is not only become  
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the Cause of this soft and motionless way of Living, but it is the Cause also of a Thousand Pains and Labours, that are annexed to another Character. It is the same *Self-Love*, that is the Principle of those painful and laborious things in which Law-suit engages *Women*. Under those melancholy wakeful Nights and bright Days without Rest and Quiet, is conceal'd the most invincible, and most nice *Self-Love* imaginable: It is in the Practice of those mean and toilsome *Solicitations*, that they find the most rooted good *Opinion* of themselves. *Women* never love themselves better than when it is at the Charges of all the Troubles that they most abhor, to enjoy the *Pleasure* which they desire; yet it would be an hard Task to make them acknowledge a Truth which they both feel and love, and which they will not own, but because they would not part with their *Pleasure*. The Pains and Disorders which those *Law-Cavils* and *Custom* breed, are produced by *Self-Love*, and no *Woman* can deny (if she is sincere) but that it is that *Self-Love* which animates her, when she takes upon her those repeated Cares, which please her in the midst of a Thousand different *Vexations* that encompass her Mind.

*Self-Love* has in it something that is so agreeable to *Women*, that when once *Nature* has

has deliver'd them up to its Power, they are not contented to pass their whole Lives in the Custom which that *Passion* makes them to contract, but they also nourish, foment, and increase this *Passion* in themselves, and not stopping there as they entertain it themselves, they communicate it to others; for it is a *Poison*, with which one becomes infected by *Meer-Conversation*, so dangerous and imperceptible, that it cannot be cur'd, except it be known, before one is tainted with it; or such Care be taken to destroy it with as much *Diligence* as there is taken to preserve it. I wish *Women* would frequently frame to themselves an *Idea* of this beloved *Passion*, and that they would but dive into the *Nature*, and *Effects* of it, thereby to avoid its *Power* and *Charms*, and not become Slaves to an effeminate *Passion*, which derives from the most *Illustrious Passion* in *Man*. For no Body can doubt but that *Love* is the Noblest of all the *Passions*; and it is certain, that through our first *Father's Sin*, that sublime, and natural *Love* of *Man* is degenerated into a guilty and sensual *Love*, and that the Spring of Bliss is become the Principle of a Thousand *Evils*; because that *Nature* which was temper'd with *Grace*, and whose *Inclinations* were laudable and holy, predominating *Charity*, destroying *Self-Love*, and not allowing to love our selves but in *GOD* alone, has

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chang'd its *Nature*: Man has no longer look'd on Objects with the same Eyes he did before, the profitable and pleasing things have attracted his Desires; he has lost the Rellish of *Innocence*, *Self-Love* is become his Aim, his Motive and his Principle; he has no longer had a regard to please GOD in all things but himself; he has ever since valued himself, that fatal *Metamorphoses*, and after he had degenerated from that blessed way, wherein he liv'd plentifully in the Earthly *Paradise*, he has yielded himself up to an inordinate *Love* of himself, even in the midst of *Indigence*, and the wants of a corrupt *Nature*; so that from the happy *Estate* in which GOD had placed him, he has plunged himself into that *Abyss* of *Miseries* and *Sorrows*, in which he remain'd until the *Coming* of *Christ*. Not that this *Mission* of *Christ*, which has expung'd the Guilt of the *Old Adam*, was to re-establish *Man* in that *Perfection*, in which he was at first; but to confer on him the *Redeemer's Grace*, to enable him to enter into it by *Violence*; and the *Excellency* of the *Redemption* is an *Advantage* to *Human Nature*, because that in the *First Man* there was nothing difficult in the *Perfection* of his *Vertue*; but in the *New Man* he earnestly concurs, by his Will united to *Grace*, to the *Perfection* of his *Merits*; and he is so much above his first State by *Faith*, that he cannot  
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but acknowledge how much *Nature* has been advanced since *Christ Jesus* has purified it, by his *Coming*, his *Word*, and his *Grace*. By the *New Law*, *Man* finds himself to be a *Disciple* of a *Crucified GOD*, who came to teach *Men* to become *Offerings*, and to make them comprehend, that to the *Confusion* of the *Devil*, he did enable him to triumph over a perverse *Nature*, and to be a *Sufferer* in Heart and Mind, that he might become a Citizen of *Glory* and of *Blessedness*.

But what was this World that was to be destroy'd, those Enemies that were to be overcome, but that Store of *Self-Love*, which had the *Mastery* over the *First Man*. That *Love* of ones self, and of his own *Interest*, that had plung'd him into a perpetual *Labour*, and an infallible *Death*, to which we have all been subjected? It was the first Motive of his Loss, and is frequently the Cause of ours; that is, the Monster which is to be vanquish'd by *Grace*; which is given us, and about the *Destruction* of which we ought continually to be employ'd. It is against this so natural, yet so forbidden *Self-Love*, that we must have a perpetual Warfare, since our *Reward* is annexed to the *Victory* over that *Passion*, and that who so ever does not hate himself, must not pretend to those Recompences reserv'd only for those that love none but *G O D*. But if it

is so difficult for the wisest and best of *Men*, absolutely to destroy that Enemy ; and that so long as we live, we retain that Hereditary Mark of the first *Infraction* of the *Law* of *G O D*. ; How much more difficult must it be to a weak, frail, inconstant *Sex*, and to speak more home yet, such a one as is so closely link'd to that enjoy'd *Effect*, to preserve it self from that *Illusion* of *Nature* and of the *Devil*, and to overcome a *Tendency*, which forces it not to any thing, but leaves it in a soft *Idleness*, in which those that love themselves continually remain ? What Likelyhood for *Women*, who rarely examine themselves in order to be instructed, and that of every kind of *Knowledge* entertain but a bare *Desire* in the Heart, but not in their *Memory*, to withdraw themselves from those favourable *Reflections*, from that perpetual *Return*, which is nothing else but a *Circulation* which their *Imagination* and *Will* make upon themselves, which always terminates in a *Self-Appraise*, as secret as unjust ? What Means is there, I say, for those tender *Persons*, accustomed to a *Self-Love*, to divorce themselves from that *Corruption*, which their *Nature* and *Education* have communicated to them ? How would you have a *Woman* to be capable of *Resolution*, and worthy to be intrusted, whose Weakness permits her not to keep a secret even with those *She-Loves*, nor to maintain the *Interest* of

of *Truth*, against those the fears? It is the *Effect* of *Self-Love* in *Women* which gives them that great *Inclination* to divulge what they know of evil conceal'd in others, never being capable to keep in Silence that which is particularly confided to them. Wherefore, as a natural *Punishment* of *Temper*, those that are so bold in the Concerns of others, are very fearful on those of *Truth*, and you shall but rarely see them take with Zeal the part of such Persons as are oppress'd, tho' they be never so ready at the *Discovery* of the *Defects* of those Persons they are acquainted with; and this cruel *Conduct* is the common *Effect* of *Self-Love*, when once we love our selves, we cannot resolve to say such things of others, as would cause them to be belov'd, nor to conceal the Esteem *Men* have for us, by the Concealment of the secret by them intrusted to us.

A *Woman* fancies she may acquire great Esteem from her own *Indiscretion*, and a great *Advantage* from her *Complaisance*; and that false *Opinion*, continues her in the *Practice* of those evil *Maximes*, and always keeps her close to that Stock of *Self-Love*, which makes her act in that manner.

In this Case the *Effects* support the Cause, *Self-Love* produces those evil *Fancies*, that are the Causes of a Thousand unjust and unreasonable

reasonable *Actions*; and these irregular *Actions* in their turn, maintain the *Soul* in those evil *Practices*, which afterwards return to their Spring, to take and give such new fatal Powers as conduce only to *Corruption* and *Disorder*. This is the *Effect* of *Self-Love*, which may be term'd an *Evil*, that contains all others; since there is no *Disorder* in the World, which does not acknowledge that *Passion* to be its Principle: And I am of *Opinion* that *Christianity*, *Politie*, and *Morals*, cannot make an *Honest Man*, of a *Man* that too much loves himself; *Justice* being necessary in all *Conditions*, but cannot subsist with *Self-Love*, which always takes the part of *Voluptuousness* and *Pleasures*, never considering that *Submission* which the *Body* owes to the *Mind*, and how we are oblig'd to do *Violence* to ourselves, that so we may become just. *Self-Love* gives a *Licence* to our *Inclinations*, and leaves our *Desires* free in their Disorders; not busying it self, but to flatter our *Mind*, to render pleasing to us, the Custom of hear-k'ning to its *Allurements*, and so to order things that we may not be possess'd but with a good *Opinion* of our selves; and to make us singular even in publick Concerns, by preferring our selves before all things else, and not observing the *Law*, but withal the *Reservedness* that it proposes to us, banishing all those severe and laborious *Duties*, where-



wherewith we cannot dispense nor exempt our selves from without being guilty.

*Self-Love* is, opposite to the *Law*, and to *Worthiness*, it affords us no *Desires* but for *Greatness*, for *Beauty*, or for *Riches*; setting *Ambition*, *Voluptuousness*, and *Avarice*, nothing pleases it: And it is by those unhappy *Passions* that we preserve *Self-Love*, as it is by the same *Self-Love*, that we preserve those three *Passions* in our Hearts; It is because we love our selves, that we would be rais'd above others: It is that same *Love*, which makes us to desire those Objects, which we fancy may increase our *Delights*; it is on the same Account also that we accumulate *Wealth*, that the more we have of our own, the less we may depend on others, and have more to depend on us. The unhappy *Custom* establish'd by *Interest*, infuses such Thoughts in the *Covetous*; and in effect they daily see People of the best Rank, renounce the lawful *Rights*, vvhich they have receiv'd from their *Ancestors*, and yield their Rank, submit their *Reason*, and vvhhat is more, sacrifice *Truth*, to acquire some small Means, or meerely to gain the *Esteem* of those that are Wealthy, and this vvvith a Design to confirm or increase their *Reputation*; believing that *Reputation* depends on the *Recommendation* of those vvhom *Riches* has brought into *Credit*: So that *Self-Love* has the Art of

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rendring *Covetous*, not only those who possess *Wealth*, but even those also that have none. It is not less through a Principle of *Covetousness*, that we do an ill thing to gain *Wealth*, as that we hoard it up when got. It is the same to follow a *Rich Man* that avoids us, as to fly from a *Poor Man* that pursues us. A Man is as covetous in hunting after *Wealth*, as in hoarding it up; and *Self-Love* is not less busy in the one, than in the other; for we love our selves in relation to our *Fortune*, when we hate our selves in relation to *Honour*; and *Women* are very apt to embrace that kind of *Covetousness* which is brought forth by *Self-Love*: They consider Persons but in reference to their *Fortune*, and the abundance of *Wealth*, is the *Standard* of their *Esteem*: They also measure a Man's *Merits* by the Largeness of his Purse; for when they go about to praise any Person, his *Wealth* has a great share in it, and they rarely bestow the like Praises on a Person indowed with all the *Vertues*, when *Fortune* is averse to him, and this is, because *Self-Love* will not permit a *Woman* to praise another's *Merits*, who has nothing but his good *Qualities* to be admired by, and no *Means* to feed their Hope with; so true it is, that we love intirely our selves, and that we cannot applaud nor ingage a Person, from whom we promise not to our selves some particular Advantage in some manner

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or other, and on whom we fix not our Hopes of some *Advantage*; which is the Cause of the Good we do others, by the justifying their *Conduct*, or proclaiming their *Vertues*. It is the Spring of all *Evils*, of all *Vices*, and of all *Errors*, that *Self-Love* so extended, and so secret; why is it not pursued with the same Zeal, to destroy it, that the *Apostles* and *Martyrs* of former times were animated with, to sacrifice it to the severe Yoke of *Penitence*, or to *Martyrdom*? how beautiful would it appear in these Days, I mean not those bloody Offerings that maintain the *Truth* of *Religion*; but those Godly *Retirements*, where Tears were abundantly shed, for the *Conversion* of *Sinners*? Those Assemblies of *Illustrious Virgins*, which were so esteemed more through their *Vertues* than their *Births*, that pass'd their Lives in the severe *Exercise* of a *Mortification*, as continual as voluntary? those *Virgins* who were so many *Examples* for those of our *Age*, and which it is much to be fear'd, will be the only *Example* that will remain for future *Ages*; those *Virgins*, I say, in whom the more *Self-Love* did murmur, agitate it self, act, and resist, the more it did enable them to oppose its Fury; and whose *Desires*, animated by a courageous and inspired *Will*, had overcome all the *Impulses* of a rebellious and corrupt *Nature*: But all the Wishes that I could express on  
this

this *Occasion*, would be as useleſs as the Words which I write. Tho' all thoſe Writings that blame *Self-Love*, be never ſo much ſeen and read, and thoſe *Impulſes* that condemn it felt, it is ſtronger than all, and it would be impoſſible to ſubdue it, without that aſſiſting *Grace* which encourages us, and raiſes us up. Which *Grace* is never wanting to us, if we require it with a real *Deſire* to obtain it ; it is frequently the *Careleſſneſs* of making the *Requeſt*, that renders the *Prayer* fruitleſs. We muſt make uſe of Zeal to obtain the *Victory* over a *Paſſion*, which dulls our Will, and that cannot be vanquiſh'd without Fer- vor, becauſe that of all the *Paſſions*, it is that which is moſt friendly to Reſt, all the other *Paſſions* cannot uſe their *Violence*, without agitating our Hearts, our Bodies, and our Minds ; but *Self-Love* acts with all its Power in the moſt perfect *Tranquility*, and cauſes neither *Motion* nor *Agitation* in us. Its evil *Actions* can naturally abide in the moſt quiet *Condition* and *Situation*, in which any *Creature* can be, it may have a *Self-Love*, even to *Exceſs*, and tho' ſometimes this *Paſſion* is found in the miſt of *Troubles*, it is alſo met with in *Tranquility* ; that for which Reason it is ſo common to *Women*, the ſoft and eaſy Life they lead, thoſe *Fooleries* that amuſe them in a ſenſeleſs and continual *Idleneſs*, is a Bait for *Self-Love* ; and it is very natural to love ones ſelf extremely, when



one leads such a Life as *Women* do now a days I wonder not, that in the *Opinion* of the *Wiseſt Perſons*, all the *Vertues* that *Women* ſeem to have, are ſuſpected, and that it is difficult to imagine that any perfect thing can be produc'd from that which is not ſo of it ſelf; for commonly thoſe outward *Appearances* of *Modesty*, which might be the Arguments of *Piety*, are but thoſe of *Superſtition* and *Bigotry*; their Firmneſs is but a pure *Obſtinacy*, and their *Mirth* is always mixt with a *World of Indiscretion*.

But how comes it to paſs, that what would be counted laudable *Qualities*, and even *Vertue* in others, becomes *Vice* and *Diſorders* in them? It is becauſe *Self-Love* makes Choice of thoſe *Vertues* which they profeſs. They incline to *Piety*, becauſe they are naturally inclined to a *quiet and ſober Life*, and frequently alſo, becauſe they love *Slander* better than they do *Voluptuousneſs*, for under that Veil they fancy that they may talk of others, while they take from others all Occaſion to ſpeak of them. They maintain their *Opinions* without *Reason* and *Intermiſſion*; not becauſe they underſtand, but becauſe they love them; and the *Reason* that they never yield, is, becauſe thoſe falſe *Ideas*, with which they pre-poſſeſs themſelves, ſtand them in ſtead of *true Reason*, and they would have them to paſs ſo with others,  
and

and that their bad *Reasons* are preferred to those good ones that are given them; and that the last that speaks they repute to be in the Right. They are always sure to be on the best side in that respect, but moreover when they allow themselves any pleasant Conversation of *Wit*. It is never with the necessary *Moderation* that should authorize it. They always addict themselves to things beyond Measure; their *Seriousness* is forced, and their *Joy* extravagant; and that Point of *Vertue* which leaves the Soul in an equal *Temper*, is not found amongst them, because *Self-Love* does always lead them to the most blamable *Extremities*, and permits them not to perceive the *Excess* which spoils all things, but in other Persons, and never in themselves. That *Self-Love* does so, blot out all the good *Qualities* in *Women*, that tho' they may be capable of *Learning* and *Policy*, it is always with so much *Pre-possession*, that their *Pride* and *Subtility* is sooner discover'd, than their *Application* and *Prudence*. You never see her in *Businesses* of the *Mind* and *Understanding*. A *Woman* act like an understanding *Man*, there is still some Grains of *Pride* or of *Weakness* in them, that spoils all they do or understand, and it is not without Reason, that *Custom* has barr'd them from the *Knowledge* of the *Sciences*.

Most frequently *Study* spoils a *Woman* more than it improves her, and their own *Nature*, cultivated by a right *Reason*, is always more solid and more agreeable, than when their *Brains* have been tormented to learn, more with design to *seem* to know, than to know *really*. Their quick *Apprehension* may sometimes carry them so far as to conceive some right *Ideas* of great things; but that fixed *Temper* of the *Mind* that is necessary to support that first Attempt, is not to be found in them: Their *Reflections* are so far from strengthening the *Idea*, that it blots it out, and that pleases them in the Agreeableness of any great *Design* that they propose to themselves, yields to the *Satisfaction* they take to destroy that *Resolution* which they had taken; and because this *Mutability* of *Opinions* is natural, by reason of that *Self-Love* that predominates in them, they neither are very *Wise* nor very *Learned*, and yet they might attain to either with more Ease than *Men*, if they would but apply themselves to destroy that *Passion* of *Self-Love*.

It is a *Pre-possession* without *Sense*, and a *Nicety* without *Reason*, that deprives them of all those great Parts for which their natural *Temper* seems to be fram'd, if their *Self-Love* was but put away, and that through a worthy *Resolution*, they force themselves from the *Power* of that deceitful

*Charm*

*Charm* that keeps them continually in play.

An *Understanding Woman* would certainly go beyond any *Man*; her quick *Apprehension*, her *Penetration*, her *Nicety*, the *Heat* of her *Courage*, the *Subtilty* of her *Ideas*, which are mov'd by a more sudden *Motion* than in *Men*, would render her capable of the highest *Enterprizes*, and of the most sudden *Excecution*: And at the same time that *Flame* that renders her temperate when she pleases, would make easy those *tedious Ways*, through which they are to pass, to attain to *Reptuation*, to *Fortune*, and to *Vertue*: Then nothing would be difficult to a *Sex*, to which now nothing is scarce possible, because *Self-Love* makes all *Pains* seem unsufferable to them, all *Cares* troublesome, all *Employments* uneasy, and setting aside the *Pleasures* which they design, all things else appear *dull*. It is with *Constraint* that some *Moments* are allowed to the *Performance* of things which *Duty* and *Necessity* obliges them to do: Those *Moments* are found so *tedious*, tho' never so *short*, that the meanest *Motives* that can but exempt them from performing those *Duties*, appear very reasonable, that they presently embrace them, and all becomes reasonable enough to engage us to abandon *Reason*.

These are the *Weakness*, the *Unjustice*, and *Disorders*, that *Self-Love* brings us to;



we cannot free our selves from it, but by such a generous *Contempt* of our selves, as may free us from those too great *Concerns* that we have for our own *Interests*, and that inspires us with a necessary *Exactness*, a *Severity* that checksthe meanest *Defects*: Those virtuous *Qualities* which are form'd in a profound *Humility*, are the Principles of the other *Vertues* : *Accomplishment* is annexed to the Practice thereof, it sanctifies all the natural *Motions* of the Heart, and those brave *Women* of former Ages, that have been *Examples* to *Posterity*, were fill'd with Hatred of themselves. No Person can be above, the Crosses of *Fortune*, and of the *Accidents* of this Life, but those that are above themselves. No Person can be capable of enjoying a right *Reason*, and perfect *Health*, but such as can overcome and hate themselves. Wherefore no *Woman* ought to fancy her self *Rational*, *Wise*, and *Accomplish'd*, that entertains any *Self-Love*. *Women* in other respects, have so many *Priviledges* above Men, that it should animate them to overcome a *Passion* which renders them inferior to *Men*. It is nothing impossible, that such an *Accomplishment* requires of them ; they may, without lessening their *Fortune*, their *Credit*, their *Beauty*, their *Quiet*, render themselves worthy of the *Esteem* of the most Judicious ; they need but to entertain a little more of good *Order*, of *Truth*, and of *Justice* in their

Con-

*Conceptions*, in their *Discourses*, and in their *Conduct* ; then would *Self-Love* soon be turn'd out of their Souls, banish'd from the World, and to the Honour of the fair *Sex*, we should be oblig'd to acknowledge, that they had been greater *Conquerors* in the subduing of that *Passion*, than all the *Courage* and *Valour* of *Men* have perform'd in so many Ages.

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THE END.

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A Comical  
**V I E W**  
O F T H E

*Transactions* that will happen in the  
Cities of *London* or *Westminster*.

O R, T H E  
**M E R R Y Q U A C K;**  
Wherein  
Phyſick is Reſtified for both the *Beaus*  
and *Ladies*.

---

In Two Parts.

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The Firſt Part Written by the late Ingenious  
Mr. *Thomas Brown*.

The Second Part Written by Mr. *Edward*  
*Ward*, Author of the *London Spy*, &c.

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LONDON, Printed for *Sam. Briſcoe*, 1705.



W T F M

1885

At the Court of Sessions for the County of Middlesex

IN THE MATTER OF THE

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WILLIAM

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A Comical

# V I E W

OF THE

## TRANSACTIONS

That will happen in the Cities of  
*London and Westminster.*

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*Continued Weekly.*

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From October 16. to October 22.

Gentlemen,

**W**Hereas the Town has been Banter'd  
 near two Months with a Sham Ac-  
 count of the Weather, pretended to be taken  
 from Barometers, Thermometers, Hygrof-  
 copes, Telescopes, and such Heathenish In-  
 struments; by which means several of her  
 Majesty's good Subjects have put on their  
 Frize Coats, expecting it should Rain, when  
 it has been Fair; and wore their best Cloaths,  
 thinking

*thinking it would be Fair, when it has Rain'd, to the no little Detriment and Prejudice of their aforesaid Cloaths and Persons: And likewise, whereas the Planets that have regulated the Almanacks for about two thousand Years, have been most wickedly slander'd by a late Author, as if they had no Influence at all upon the Weather, the Publisher of this Paper has been perswaded by his Friends to Print these his Infallible Predictions, gather'd from the Experience of thirty Years and upwards; and will warrant them to be true, tho' he never Travell'd Abroad, nor pretends to be the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son, nor calls himself the Unborn Doctor, nor has the Seed of the Female Fern, the Green and Red Dragon, or any of the like Secrets.*

*Wednesday 16.]* **C***LOUDY foggy Weather at Garraway's and Jonathan's, and most Coffee-houses, at and about Twelve. Crowds of People gather at the Change by One, disperse by Three. Afternoon Noise and Bloody at her Majesty's Bear-Garden in Hockley-in-the-hole. Night sober with broken Captains and others, that have neither Credit nor Money. If Rainy, few Night-walkers in Cheapside and Fleet-street. This Week's Transactions censur'd by the Virtuoso's at Child's from Morning till Night.*

*Thurs-*

*Thursday 17.]* Coffee and Water-gruel to be had at the *Rainbow* and *Mando's* at Four. Hot Furmety at *Fleet-bridge* by Seven. Justice to be had at *Doctors-Commons* when People can get it. A Lecture at *Pinner's-Hall* at Ten. Excellent Pease-porridge and Tripe in *Baldwin's Gardens* at Twelve. At Night much Fornication all over *Covent-Gardent*, and five Miles round it. A Constable and two Watch-men Kill'd, or near being Kill'd in *Westminster*; whether by a Lord or a Lord's Foot-man, the Planets don't determine.

*Friday 18.]* Plenty of Cuckold trudging from all parts of the City towards *Horn Fair* by Eight. Damsels Whipt for their good Nature at *Bridewell* about Ten. Several People put in fear of their Lives by their God-fathers at the *Old Baily* at Eleven. Great Destruction of Herrings at One. Much Swearing at Three among the Horse-courfers in *Smithfield*; if the Oaths were Register'd as well as the Horses, good Lord, what a Volume 'twould make! Several Tails turn'd up at *Paul's School*, *Merchant-Taylors*, &c. for their Repetitions. Night very Drunk, as the two former.

*Saturday 19.]* Twenty Butchers Wives in *Leaden-Hall* and *Newgate* Markets overtaken with Sherry and Sugar by Eight in the Morning. Shopkeepers walk out at Nine to count the Trees in *More-filds*, and avoid  
Duns.



Duns. Peoples Houses clean'd in the Afternoon, but their Consciences we don't know when. *Jews* fornicate away the Sabbath in *Drury-Lane* and *Wild-Street*. Evening pretty Sober.

*Sunday 20.]* Great Jangling of Bells all over the City from Eight to Nine. Psalms murder'd in most Parishes about Ten. Abundance of Doctrines and Uses in the Meetings, and no Application. Vast Consumption of Roast-Beef and Pudding at One. Afternoon sleepy in most Churches. Store of Handkerchiefs stolen in *Paul's* at 'Three. Informers busy all Day long. Night not so Sober as might be wish'd.

*Monday 21.]* Whores turn'd out of the *Temple*, *Grays-Inn*, &c. by Six. Catchpoles up early to seize their Prey against the first Day of Term. Journey-men Taylors, Shoemakers, and 'Prentices Heads ake with what they had been doing the Day before. Tradesmen begin the Week with Cheating as soon as they open Shop. If Fair, the Park full of Women at Noon, some Vertuous, and some otherwise. Great shaking of the Elbow at *Will's*, &c. about Ten. Two Porters fall out at Putt in a Cellar in the *Strand* at Twelve precisely.

*Tuesday 22.]* Wind, whether E. W. N. or S. no matter, but in one Corner or other of the Compass most certain: If high, the Beaus advised to be merciful to their long Periwigs.

Periwigs. Muslins and Pepper rise at the *East India House* at Twelve. Calicoes fall before Two. Coach'd Masques calling at the Chocolate-houses between Eight and Nine. Bastards begot, and Cuckolds made this Week numberless.

Advertisement to Ladies.

**W**omen, whether with Child or no? Children, whether Male or Female? Young Maidens, whether they will have their Sweet-hearts, or no? and Lovers, whether Able and Constant? The Critical Minute of the Day to Marry in. What is the best Hour for Procreation. Husbands, whether long Liv'd or no? The second Match, whether Happy or Unhappy? What part of the Town best for a Sempstress to thrive in? What the most fortunate Signs for a Shopkeeper, and under what Planet to be set up? With other like Questions, fully and satisfactorily Resolved by me Silvester Partridge, Student in Physick and Astrology, near the Gun in Moorfields.

From Octob. 22. to Octob. 29.

Gentlemen,

**I** Am glad that my last Week's Predictions were so happy as to please you, and for that Reason am encouraged to proceed. Did the Town require it of me, I could much enlarge my Predictions, and foretel what will happen in Foreign Countries, as well as what will fall out in London: As for Instance, I could tell you, that the Czar of Muscovy, is going to make Hemp dear in the North. That the King of Spain is like to raise the Price of Iron in the South. . That Bullets fly as thick as Hail in Livonia; and Bribes in the Conclave. That his Polish Majesty is as sick of Riga, as the Scots were of Darien; with other Matters of the like Importance, which I shall omit at present, and come to Things that concern us nearer. But before I proceed to them, I have a Word or two to say for my self; Some Persons that are in the Barometer-Interest, have found fault with my last Paper, because I foretold turning up of Tails at Paul's and Merchant-Taylors last Friday; whereas nothing of that happen'd: To which I answer, That if a certain Apostle had not interposed to give the Boys a Holiday, my Prediction had been true; and I will lay any of those Gentle-

men

*men a hundred Pounds to a Penny, that it proves so most Fridays in the Year.*

*Wednesday 23.]* Long Vacation departed this mortal Life, to the great Joy of all the Sons of Parchment, last Night at Twelve, and died not worth a Groat. Morning opens with a furious Hurricane, call'd, *Michaelmas-Term*, that will blow and bluster in the West, till the twenty Eighth of the next Month, and a Week after. Clients knock up their Council by Six. Constables hurrying down to *Westminster* at Nine, to see that the Law shall not run out of the Hall. A dozen Country-Attornies Breakfast in Hell by Eleven. Weather Stormy and Tempestuous at the Bar all Day long. Night Calm at the Tavern.

*Thursday 24.]* Wind still continues to blow in the Western Quarter. Four thrifty Barristers crowd into a Skull about Nine, and score their Clients a Coach for it. Six Couple Pair'd at *Dukes-Place* near Ten, repent next Morning. The Death of the King of *Spain*, and a new War concluded upon, by the Half-pay Officers at the Parade, near Eleven. Stock-jobbers busie at *Jonathan's* from Twelve till Three. Much Ratling of the Frail-die, at Young *Man's* among the Disbanded Captains, and little lost. Juries swallow their Claret in the



Afternoon as glibly at the Bell in *Westminster*, as their Oaths in the Morning; Get Drunk by Eight: *Book Befs*, and *Betty S—ds* Mutiny at the Corner-Chocolate-House in *Bridges-street*, about two Penny Glassees of *Usquebaugh* at Nine.

*Friday 25.]* The Goddess of Scolding, up by Five in the Morning at *Billingsgate*, from thence removes to the *Temple-stairs* at Seven, takes a pair of Oars at Nine to *Westminster*, stays there till all her Black Guard are dispersed and gone. Mr. Ordinary visits his melancholy Flock at *Newgate* by Eight. Doleful Procession up *Holborn-hill* about Eleven. Men handsome and proper, that were never thought so before, which is some Comfort however. Arrive at the fatal Place at Twelve. Burnt Brandy, Women, and Sabbath-breaking repented of. Some few Penitential Drops fall under the Gallows. Sheriff's Men, Parson, Pick-pockets, Criminals, all very busie. The last concluding peremptory Psalm struck up. Show over by One. French-Men bit in *Smithfield* by the Horse-courfers at Three. Shoo-makers at Night drunk all over the Kingdom, in Honour of Prince *Crispin*.

*Saturday 26.]* Landresses bring the young Barristers their Linnin home, and take up their own to shew their Respect to the Law. Citizens post to their Country-Houses,

Houses, and leave their Prentices to comfort their Wives. Shoals of Country-Puts come to Town about Five, with their Pockets well cramm'd; but that Cormorant, call'd *Equity*, will soon clear them. Barbers, Butchers, and Milliners up till Midnight, and all for the Benefit of the Sabbath.

*Sunday 27.]* Taylors curs'd for not bringing the fine Cloaths home at the promis'd Hour. Great Ogling at *Covent-Garden Church* and other Places, from Ten to Twelve. A She-Quaker holds forth in her Stays in *Grace-Church-Street*, to the great cramping of the Spirit. Ministers Preach against Sins, but the People still Practice it, and are like to do to the end of the Chapter.

*Monday 28.]* City-Poet instructing his Gods and Goddeses all the Morning, how to behave themselves in a Pageant, and welcome my Lord-Mayor. Cooks busie in raising Pye-crust Fortifications, which the Heroes of *Cheap-side* will storm most manfully next Day. Old *East-India* Company look as scornfully upon Bank-bills, as the Lawyers in *Westminster-hall* do upon *Forma Pauperis*. But this is no News.

*Tuesday 29.]* Windows in *Cheap-side* stuck with more Faces at Ten, than the Balconies with Candles on an Illumination-Night. Wicked havock of Neats-Tongues and Hamins in the Barges about Eleven.

Artillery-Men march by two and two, burlesqued in Buff and Bandileers: Need not wear Head-pieces, their Wives having fortified that part to their Hands. The Vintners and Brewers, the Butchers and Apothecaries jostle about Precedence; 'Tis pity they are not incorporated. The Ladies pelted with dead Cats, instead of Squibs from Twelves to Three. Mob tumultuous. Boys starting to see that, which, as the Old Woman said, they must all come to one Day. No quarter given to Custard at *Guild-hall*. Night moist and wet within the City-Walls.

### Advertisement to Ladies.

**T**HE best time to Cut Hair. How Moles and Dreams to be Interpreted. When most proper to Bleed. Under what Aspect of the Moon, best to draw Teeth, and cut Corns. Pairing of Nails, on what Days unlucky. What the kindest Sign to graft or inoculate in; to open Bee-hives, and kill Swine. How to get Twins. And how many Hours boiling my Lady Kent's Pudding requires: With other notable Questions, fully and faithfully Resolved, by me Silvester Partridge, Student in Physick and Astrology, near the Gun in Moor-fields.

Of whom likewise may be had, at reasonable Rates, Trusses, Antidotes, Elixirs, Love-Powders,

*Powders, Washes for Freckles, Plumpers, Glass-Eyes, False Calves and Noses, Ivory Jaws, Stiptic Drops to Contract the Parts. A new Receipt to turn Red Hair into Black: As likewise, the Famous Annulus Anni-cornutus, or a Ring to prevent Cuckoldom, very useful for all married Persons: 'Tis a Hair Ring, of a bright beautiful Red within, and is of that wonderful Efficacy and Vertue, that so long as a Man keeps it on his Finger, he may defie all the Devils in Hell, nay, what's more, the Wife of his Bosom to Cuckold him, tho' she has never so great a Mind to it.*

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*From Octob. 29. to Nov. 5.*

*Wednesday 30.] T*Radesmen flock in their Morning-gowns to the Purl-Houses by Seven, to cool their Plucks which they had over-heated in my Lord-Mayor's Service the Night before. A mighty Bustle in the Halls about straggld Plates and Dishes, and Bottles missing. Solicitors and Clerks bawling out for Pudding at the Spread-Eagle about Twelve. Air infected with Perjury and Knavery in *Westminster*, and so like to continue most part of the next Month. The noble and ancient Recreation of Round-Robin, Hey



and Whipping the Snake, in great Request with the merry Sailors in *Wapping*. A Country Client pick'd up by a *Fleet-street-Strowler* at Nine; what between the Whore, and his Lawyer, eas'd of all his Ready before he gets to Bed. This comes of Whoring, and going to Law!

*Thursday 31.*] Young Barristers troop down to *Westminster* at Nine; cheapen Cravats, and Handkerchiefs; Ogle the Semstresses, take a Whet at the *Dog*, or a Slice of Roast-beef at *Heaven*, fetch half a dozen Turns in the Hall, peep in at the Common-Pleas, talk over the News, and so with their Green Bags, that have as little in them as their Noddles, go home again. Summon'd by pensive Sound of Horn to rotten roasted Mutton at Twelve: Leave a Paper in their Doors, to study Presidents and Cases for them all the Afternoon: may be heard of at the Devil, or some neighbouring Tavern till One in the Morning. These are all the Motions, as far as I can judge by the Stars, that they are like to make this Term.

*Friday 1.*] Great Preparations at the Bear-garden all Morning, for the noble Tryal of Skill that is to be play'd in the Afternoon. Seats fill'd and crowded by Two: Drums beat, Dogs yelp, Butchers and Foot-soldiers clatter their Sticks: At last the two Heroes, in their fine borrow'd *Holland* Shirts,

Shirts, mount the Stage about Three; Cut large Collops out of one another, to divert the Mob, and make Work for the Surgeons: Smoaking, Swearing, Drinking, Thrusting, Justling, Elbowing, Sweating, Kicking, Cuffing, Stinking, all the while the Company stays. Vizer-masque very busie in the Pit at Seven, in picking up a Cully, persuaded, with much ado, to accept of a Pint at the Rose, puts up the comfortable *George* among her Thimble, Nutmeg, and Brass Seal, in her Pocket; dispenses her favours in a Chair; which the Spark is sure to remember sometime next Week in a Stool. Law muzzled up this, and the Day following.

*Saturday 2.*] Hundreds of poor Souls confin'd in that wicked Purgatory; the *Fleet*, or *King's Bench*, and not like to be pray'd out in haste. Woollen-Drapers persecuted by unmannerly Factors from Eight to Twelve. *Spittle-fields* Weavers hover about the Changes all the Morning; return for the most part, empty. Divines busie in turning over St. *Austin* and St *Gregory*, to Retail them next Day to their People. French Protestants buy Bullocks-livers, Sheeps-heads, and stinking Beef to make *la-Soupe Royale* on *Sunday*. Commode-Women in *Pater-noster-row* busie with their Heads in the Day-time, and Tails in the Evening. Shopkeepers at Night, in their Counting-houses,  
compute

compute what they have Cheated all the Week, that they may go with clear Consciences to Church next Morning. Vintners buy up Sloes in all the Markets at Eight; put them to another Use than their Fore-fathers ever knew of. The new Invention of making good *Bourdeaux* Wine of *Herefordshire* Cyder, and good *Herefordshire* Cyder of *Middlesex* Turnips, practised every Day in their Cellars. To be fear'd that the next Generation will Debauch our very Turnips.

*Sunday 3.]* Beggars take up their respective Posts in *Lincoln's Inn-fields*, and other places, by Seven, that they may be able to Praise God in Capon and *March-beer* at Night. Parish-Clerks liquor their Throats plentifully at Eight, and chaunt out *Hopkins* most melodiously about Ten. Sextons, Men of great Authority most part of the Day, whip Dogs out of Church for being Obstreperous. Great Thumping and Dusting of the Cushion at *Salters-hall* about Eleven. One wou'd almost think the Man was in Earnest, he lays so furiously about him. A most refreshing Smell of Garlick in *Spittle fields* and *Soboe*, at Twelve. Country Fellows staring at the two Wooden Men at *St. Dunstan's*, from One to Two, to see how notably they strike the Quarters. The great Point of Predestination settled in *Russel-Court* about Three; and the People go home as wise as they came thither. A  
merry

merry Farce, call'd, *The Confusion of Babel*, acted at Surly *Wat's* Coffee-house in the Eveniug, and lasts from Five till Ten. Great Squabbling, Buzzing and Prating from the Baronet's-Club, down to the noisie Footmen below. Terrible Swearing in the Kitchen for the Boy's not bringing the vile *Darby* in time. Beef call'd for at every Table, and Mistress Cook most mightily importun'd for a Carrot.

*Monday 4.*] A Brace of Foot-soldiers mount the Wooden-horse in the Park by Eight, for Prophaning the Lord's Day with bulking of Sconces. The Lady *Law* goes in mighty State to *Westminster-hall*, attended by her God-mother *Assurance*, and her Daughter *Prattle*; her Train carried up by *Delay* and *Poverty*. Knights of the Post to be had in the *Temple-walks* from Morning till Night, for two Pots of Belch, and a Sixpenny Slice of Boil'd-beef. Balconies set out with Candles at Six. A Quaker in *Cheapside* has his Windows demolish'd for keeping his Light to himself, and grudging it his Neighbours. The Tallow-Chandlers such Dutiful and Loyal Subjects, that they don't care if there were twenty and twenty Birth-days in a Year, to help off with their Commodity.

*Tuesday 5.*] Bells at Four in the Morning ring the Downfal of Antichrist. The Whore of *Babylon* most unmercifully pelted  
all



all Day Long. This it is to be an old, decay'd, batter'd Harlot! The Pope's Bulls baited in most Congregations about Eleven. *Bellarmino* run down, and *Suarez* confounded by Twelve. The Pope call'd abundance of hard Names, as, Man of Sin, Strumpet, and what not? *Ditto*. Made the Beast with ten Horns; that is, a worse Beast by four Pair of Horns than any in *Cheapside*. *Ditto*. Did he live in *London*, the Grand Jury of *Middlesex*, and our new Reformers wou'd certainly Indict him for keeping a lewd disorderly House. Night clear and light in all the Protestant Streets. Watches, Whores, Clocks, Widows, Physicians and Lawyers tell Lies every every Day in the Week.

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*From Nov. 13. to Nov. 20.*

Gentlemen,

I Disappointed you last Week, but am apt to flatter my self that you'll Excuse it, when you know the Reason. I was sent for into the Country, to Cure a Gentleman's Lady that was troubled with a Palsie in her Tongue to that Degree, that she could not speak one Word distinctly; but upon my telling her Husband, that three quarters of the Married Men in the Kingdom

dom, would give half they were worth, to have their Wives in the same Condition, and that it was much better for his own and his Spouse's Repose, for her to continue as she was, the Gentleman was pleased to take my Advice, and so I returned to London. But before I dispatch this short introduction, give me leave to say a Word or Two in justification of my Paper. It has been Industriously given out by some Gentlemen, who have no faith in the Planets, that I trussed up the Newgate Prisoners a Fortnight before it happen'd. I own that I was out as to the Day; but as to what I foretold concerning the Ceremonies of the Execution, as singing the last concluding Psalm; picking of Pockets under the Gallows, &c. I dare engage that every Tittle would have proved true, tho' the Government had Hanged those same Fellows three hundred Years hence. Far be it from me, or any Protestant Astrologer to set up for Infallibility, and 'tis well I don't, for who knows but the Conclave wou'd send for me to make me Pope, in Case I pretended it, and then you'll say the Church wou'd be finely Govern'd. But Gentlemen, I hope I shall never change my Religion, tho' the King of Poland did so. If this Paper should not please you as well as the Preceding Ones, I promise to make you full Amends next Week, when I intend to give you a full Account of my Pills and other Medicaments

*so famous for Curing the Distempers of both Sexes.*

From my House in *Moor-*  
*fields*, next Door to the  
*Gun*, Nov. 12.

Silvester Partridge.

*Wednesday 13.*] **H**alf-pay Officers at the Parade very uppish upon the Death of the King of *Spain*; speak disrespectfully of Flipp, talk of taking their leave of Darby-Ale, and renewing their Acquaintance with Claret. A new married Man in *Fleet-street* goes six times a Day to drink his Porringer of Jelly-broath at the *Diapente* Coffee-house: But little comes on't, his Wife knows. *Currat Lex, Floreat Discordia*, the Motto of *Westminster-Hall* all this Term,

*Thursday 14.*] Little News stirring this Morning, unless a Review of the Foot-guards happens. *Mars* and *Venus* seem to foretel it, however I won't be positive; but if it does, what follows will most certainly fall out. Officers with Plume in Hat, Sashes, and Gorget, make a magnificent Appearance; with the Agent at old Nick; ther Out-sides wondrous Fine, their Pockets lined within but so so. Faggots Summon'd in from all parts of *Westminster*. Whores and Bayliffs busie to pick up the military Sparks, so soon as the Show is over.

*Friday*

*Friday 15.]* Much Baudy, Nonsense, Noise, and Tobacco in the *Gravesend* Tilt-boat about Five in the Moring. The Duke of *Anjou* deposed from his Kingdom of *Naples* at the *Amsterdam* Coffee-house exactly at One. Six Welsh Attorneys Dine upon Five Herrings at the *Goat* in *Chancery-lane* at Two; a Quarrel happens upon the unequal Division of them, and a long-winded Law-Suit upon that. The great Vertue of Pacing-saddles asserted in a Lecture in *Gresham-Colledge* at Three. Two Men kill'd behind *Montague-house* at Four. Tunes numberless Murder'd in the Musick-houses in *Wapping* and *More-fields* all the Night.

*Saturday 16.]* Several worthy Gentlemen in party-coloured Robes, lately installed to the Tune of, *Methinks I'spy a Brother*; with much Gravity in their Looks, and very much Mischief in their Hearts, busie in the Litigious-Hall all this Morning. A great Medley of ill Voices, and the Devil-a-jot of Harmony at the *Jews* Synagogue about Ten. A Receipt how to Dine upon good wholesome Air, to be had of Six ancient Persons, who are to be found in *Grays-Inn-walks* every day at One. Tradesmen summon'd before the Court of Conscience for defrauding their Journy-men of their Wages. If such a Court were erected to punish those who defraud their poor Wives, the Lord have mercy on all unperforming Sinners, between  
*White-*



*White-chappel and Temple-bar.*

*Sunday 17.]* Surgeons knocked up by Twelve-penny Customers at Seven, and hindered, as they say, from going to Church, but Ten to One whether they wou'd have gonethither, tho' no Body had visited them. Dumplings, far exceeding those of *Norfolk*, at the *Half-moon*, in *Cheapside* and the *Rose* by *Temple-bar* at Eleven. Citizens whet away their Stomachs, and judiciously censure the Sermon in most Taverns about Twelve? in the Strength of Roast-beef, and the Sunday-bottle of Claret, give their Wives a comfortable Refreshment on the Couch about Two: Beget Block-heads to continue the City-breed. A Magistrate with a Golden-chain about his Neck, Snores inordinately in a Conventicle at Three. Tradesmen's Wives Treat their Children at the Farthing-pye-houses at Four. Not one Physician at Church, except the City-bard, within the Bills of Mortality. The Bankers in *Lum-bard-street* want *David Jones* to put 'em in mind of their Sins.

*Monday 18.]* 'Prentices Summon'd before the Chamberlian at Ten, to Answer for their undutiful Rebellion against the Cook-maid. Lozenges, Butlers, Horse-balls, Tutors to young Noblemen, Nephritick-stones, Brewers-clarks, Diapalma Plaisters, Ladies Women, Sago, second-hand Sermons, Goat-stones, and Receipts how to make a Pudding;

to be had at the *Fleece* in *Grace-Church-street*, from *Munday* Morning till *Saturday* Night. Evening very Drunk with the Journey-men Shoemakers in *St. Martins*. Heads hot next Morning.

*Tuesday* 19.] Six Daughters of *Mercury* and *Turpentine*, bilk their Lodgings in *Spring-garden*, and carry off all their Effects in a single Sheet of brown Paper about Nine. Great whispering and nodding among the Politicians at the *George* in *Iron-monger-lane*, from One till Four. City Preferments disposed off, and Lord-Mayors and Sheriffs Elected there for a Hundred Years to come. A noisy, Toublesome, crop-ear'd Coxcomb at B----Coffee-house in *Aldersgate-street*, tires every thing but his own Lungs, with settling the Spanish Succession, and contriving Matters for the Parliament, at Four. The Author of this Paper is as dull as a lawfully begotten Citizen's eldest Son; but 'tis hop'd he'll mend.

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THE  
MERRY QUACK;  
OR,  
PHYSICK Rectified,  
FOR THE  
BEAUS and LADIES.

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By Mr. Tho. Brown.

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*From Nov. 20. to Nov. 27.*

Gentlemen,

**I** Promised in my last, to give you an Account of my Pills and other Medicaments, so deservedly Famous for Curing all manner of Distempers, and am now as good as my Word. I confess it goes somewhat against the Grain to display my self thus in Print, since so many Ignorant Quacks have made the Method Infamous; and indeed nothing but my great Regard for the Publick, to which, as St. Austin

says,

says, every honest Man ought to sacrifice all private Considerations, cou'd have induced me to appear in a Paper in this Nature: But if a thing is to be totally lay'd aside for the Abuse of it, Good-night to the Law and the Gospel; we must e'en turn our Pulpits into Powdering-tubs, and Westminster-hall into a Meal-market. So much by Way of Introduction.

I Have been often grieved to see the noble Art of Physick so run down and despised, and invaded as it has been of late; but to say the Truth, the Professors may thank themselves for it. They are eternally Jangling and Quarelling at the Colledge, and persecuting one another, while they ought to lay their Heads together, and Unite to baffle those undermining Enemies of Mankind, call'd Diseases. This wou'd be an Employment worthy of their most serious Thoughts, and recommend them to the good Opinion of the World; but, as Affairs are managed at present, they don't so much endeavour to restore People to their Health, as to make a vain Ostentation of their Learning. The first thing they think of, is to set up an *Hypothesis*; as they call it, even before they think of setting up a *Coach*; and as they make all the Shifts in the World to set up the latter; so 'tis to keep up their beloved *Hypothesis*, they strain every *Phenomenon*



in Nature to make it bear that way. 'Tis a melancholy, but true Observation, that as our Number of Physicians has increased, so the Weekly Bills have done the same.

Gentlemen, I was born with a natural Antipathy to all Diseases whatever, as some People are to Cheese and Onions. I hate Diseases, and Diseases hate me; by the same Token they fly from my Presence, as 'twas observed in the last great Plague, that the Dogs by natural Instinct ran away from the City-Dog-killer: Neither can I blame 'em for it, for I make it my constant Business to destroy 'em Root and Branch wherever I meet 'em. But Gentlemen, don't misunderstand me; tho' I kill the Disease, I do the Man no Harm, like Lightning that melts the Sword, and never injures the Scabbard.

To qualify myself for this noble Profession, I never troubled my Head with reading *Hippocrates*, *Dioscorides*, *Selsus*, *Galen*, and other reverend Blockheads of Antiquity, neither did I think it worth my while to loose any time in perusing the modern Coxcombs, for so I may justly call them. No, Gentlemen, I went a wiser way to Work; instead of turning over old musty Pagan Volumes, I have walked over every Mountain in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*: I have enquired into the Nature of every Plant and Vegetable; examined every Moss, Grass, and Flower, and by Vertue of thirty Years Obser-

vation

vation and upwards, have forced them to confess their respective Vertues and Qualities.

Nor was this all; for ever since I have been able to write, I have kept a constant Correspondence with all the knowing experienced Men in our Faculty from *London* to *Japan*; I don't mean those nonsensical Hobby-horses, the Virtuosofoes of *Holland*, *Spain*, *Italy* and *Germany*, that value themselves so much upon their Philosophy, and the Lord knows what unintelligible Stuff. I only concern'd my self with Men that read the great *Folio* of Nature, and instructed themselves out of that. I have maintain'd a Monthly Commerce these twenty Years with the Famous *Demetrius Basilowiski*, Physician to the present *Czar* of *Muscovy*, with the Industrious *Abrakim Alibanali*, who serves the *Grand Signior* in the same Capacity, with the Courteous *Achmet Ben Ishmael*, Doctor to the *Sophi* of *Persia*, with the Inquisitive *Ibin Hafna Muladezar*, who constantly attends the Person of the *Great Mogul*, and the Infallible *Kara Shu*, who resides in the Palace of the *Emperour* of *China*; not to mention the Physicians belonging to the powerful Monarchs of *Tonquin*, *Malabar*, *Mingrelia*, *Bisnagar*, *Golconda*, *Gurgistan*, *Pegu*, *Siam*, *Sumatra*, *Palemban*, and the rest; from whose Observations, to me most friendly communicated, as likewise my own Experience, I have arrived to a

greater Knowledge than any Physician before me, as will appear,

*First*, By my *Pillula Intentionalis*; or, my *Intentional Pill*. - I defie any Physician in the King's Dominions to shew me the like. It never Works but when the Recipient wou'd have it, and therefore is of singular Use for all Persons who may be obliged to take Physick, and yet by reason of their Employments and Business cannot confine themselves to their Chambers. I dare engage that a Man may take it upon a Journey, and never be incommoded by it. Last *Easter-Term*, I gave it to a *Yorkshire* Attorney, the very Morning he went out of Town, who had no occasion to Evacuate till he came to *Leeds*. But what is more surprizing, one *Ezechieel Tar*, Boatswain to the *Sampson*, took three of them at *Deptford*, upon *April 16, 1699*, and intended they should never Work with him till he came under the *Equinoctial*, and accordingly so it fell out, and then he had a Stool, that any Prince in Christendom would have been glad of, as he inform'd me in a Letter, dated from *Fort St. George, Nov. 22*. In short, a Man that takes it, may Adjourn and Prorogue his Backside, as long as he pleases; and this, as I take it, can be said of no Pill now known in Christendom.

*Secondly*, My *Pillula Divulgatoria*, or, my *Divulgatory Pill*: The great Excellency of

of this Pill lies extorting Secrets from whoever takes it: Very proper consequently for married Men in *Cheapside*, *Cornhil*, or any part of *England*, to know how their respective Wives stand affected to them; for 'tis no bigger than a Pin's Head, so if the Party dextrously slips it into a Glass of Ale, or Wine, or any such Vehicle, and gives it his Wife, it will make her tell all the Secrets of her heart in her Sleep; as for Instance, Whether she has actually Cuckolded her Husband, or has only intended it; as likewise who is the Person she most admires.

*Thirdly*, My *Pillula Otiosa*; or my *Idle Pill*. This is the strangest Pill of 'em all, for 'tis neither Diaphoretic, nor Diuretic, nor Hedrotic, nor Hypnotic, nor yet Emetic; that is to say, it neither operates by Stool, nor Urine, nor Sleep, nor Vomit; and yet makes a shift to do its Business by doing nothing at all, as some Lawyers do theirs, by being bribed to hold their Tongues.

*Fourthly*, My *Pillula Anti-Moabitica*; or, my *Anti-Moabite-pill*. A Man that takes one of these Pills before he stirs out of his Lodgings, tho' he owes as much Money as the two late Sheriffs were worth, yet may go and whet his Knife safely and securely at the Counter-gate, and the Devil of a Sergeant dares meddle with him, by reason of some wonderful *Effluvia* it sends out of



the *Thorax* : Very useful for breaking Trademen, disbanded Officers, and others in the same Predicament. In fine, 'tis infinitely better and cheaper than a Protection from a L-----d or a P-----t-Man. Tho' I constantly keep sixty Operators at work, yet I can hardly serve the Town for their Occasions. I would say more of it, but an ancient Gentlewoman, who has Buried four Husbands, and is in hopes to Bury the fifth, stays for me below in the Parlour, to have her Fortune told: So, Gentlemen, Adieu till next *Wednesday*.

*From the Globe and Urinal  
in Moor-fields, next  
Door to the Gun.*

*Yours, &c.  
Silvester Partridge.*

*From Nov. 27. to Dec. 3.*

Gentlemen,

**T**H E Hebrew Language, I know I shall be censured for making this Ostentation of my Learning; however, I am resolved to go on with my Shew; but the Hebrew Language, I say, is the most expressive, significant Language in the whole World, as will appear by the following Instances: The Hebrew Word for Woman, signifies Forgetfulness; and I'll appeal to you, whether any  
thing

thing can be more Emphatical? Don't the frequent Elopements in Fleet-street, Cheap-side, and all parts of the City, shew, that the first thing your Married Women forget, is their Mariage-Vow, and their Duty to their Husbands? Thus likewise in the same Tongue, the same Phrase expresses both Death and Mariage. Now, tell me, Gentlemen, is not Mariage the Death of Love? and does not Experience shew, that most Men had better go to their Graves, than the Nuptial-Bed? They also use the same Word to express a Beau and a Butter-fly; and is not the whole Essence of a Beau express'd in that of the gaudy Insect above-mentioned? And lastly, Gentlemen, to come to the Point I drive at, (for I would not tire you with too many Particulars) one Hebrew Word signifies both Physicians and Dead Men; and indeed, as the World is managed at present, a Man may reckon himself as good as Dead, who goes to consult a Doctor; So much is the noble Art of Physick debauch'd of late!

**T**HE two Epidemical Diseases of England are the Scurvy and Consumption. They were all-reigning Distempers of this Island a thousand Years before Julius Cæsar came to make us a Visit; as any Man that desires to be satisfied, will find by the Historians of those times; and so they still continue, notwithstanding we have had so many

many famous Physicians among us. Now, is it not a Shame, a most horrid Shame, that the most *Protestant* Lungs in the Universe, and those which deliver the most *Evangelical* Truths, should be invaded by this fatal Disease? and is it not a thousand Pities, that a People who have the purest Souls, should have the nastiest Bodies?

I have blush'd, nay, I profess, I have been scandaliz'd, when some Foreigners from *China, Bishnagar, Circassia, Trepizond, and Mingrelia*, have come to see me, and desired me to carry them to our Churches in the Winter. I have been scandaliz'd, I say, to hear such Barking, and Wheezing, and Coughing there, when they have nothing like it in *Lapland, Norway, and Livonia*, which Countries lie so much more to the *Northward* than we do. Some ancient Alderman or Deputy of a Ward first begins the Harmony; then, like a Train of Wild-fire, it impudently runs up to the Communion-Table: After this it gets into the side Iles, and then, Good Lord! there's such a Noise, that no Body's a Farthing the better for going to Church! The Parson he loses all his fine Quotations out of *Gregory and Chrysostome*, which cost him so many precious Hours the Saturday before; the People loose the End of their coming to Church, which was to hear those Learned Quotations; that honest Clerk looses a delicious Quaver upon  
one

one of *John Hopkin's Ekes*, and *Ayes*, being most maliciously interrupted in his Melody by a Whoreson Cough. In short, Parson, Clerk and Congregation are all Losers.

Now to obviate and prevent this disgrace of our three Kingdoms, I have been thirty Years and upwards contriving my *Anti-tussient Pills*, which are compounded of those admirable Balsamic Ingredients, that, Gentlemen, the Party that takes them, may lie up to his Chin in Water for a Fortnight together, or cover himself all over in Snow, as naked as when he came first into the World, and if he Coughs forty Years after that, I am content to lose my Ears. Let any Man, that distrusts the Vertue of my *Anti-tussient Pills*, make the Experiment, and if, as I have said before, he Cough forty Years after that, I engage before this honourable Company, to be his Bond-slave.

And then as for the *Scurvy*, which seems to have set up her Head-quarters in *Wales* and *Scotland*, I have found out a *Pulvis Mundificativus*, altho' a Man made as wretched a Figure as a patient Gentleman, who has been very much abased by a certain City-Knight, did upon the Dung-hill, yet in a Minute, I'll make him *Rectus in Corpore*.

But Gentlemen, my Talent is not confined only to these two Distempers: I Practice alike upon all Diseases, and with the same Success and Facility.

Shaw



Show me a Fellow that has got as much Water in his *Abdomen*, as will fill the Tun of *Heidelberg*; show me, I say, such a Fellow, if you dare. I wou'd willingly ride two thousand Miles at my own Expence to see such a Sight. Now, you'll say, what will you do with him, when you have got him? Why, before you can answer me what's this, I'll tap his *Abdomen*, and set him to rights.

Show me a *Scrotum* distended to the size of honest Mr. *Moxon's* Globe upon *Atlas's* Shoulders in *Warwick-lane*, I'll reduce it to its Pristine State, while a *Virtuoso* at *Child's* is supping his Dish of Coffee.

Show me a Son of *Bacchus*, who by his indefatigable lifting up his Hand to his Head, and his nocturnal Industry, has acquired as many Pimples in his Face, as there are Jewels in *Lombard-street*, nay, whose Phyz is so fiery and rubicund, that it wou'd put the last Conflagration out of Countenance: I have a Water, that in a Moment, shall extinguish all these *Vulcano's*, and make him look as fair as a Sinner newly come out of the Powdering-tub, or, if you please, as pale as a Guinea-dropper, when he's carried before a Worshipful Justice.

Show me a Man so pitted by the Small-pox, that his Face looks like the Map of *Switzerland*, with the Hills and Vallies  
in

in it, with my *Lympha Cosmetica*, or my *Levelling Drops*, I'll make it as even as a Bowling-green.

But what I most value my self upon, and indeed I defie any Doctor within the Bills of Mortality, (you see I circumscribe them, Gentlemen, within their own Dominions) to do the like, I have so improved the ancient and laudable Art of *Ouro-manteia*, or *Our-oscropy*, that is to say, of Prognosticating all future Contingents by Urine that the like was never heard of in *Europe*. I know that several Blockheads pretened to tell a Man the present State of his Body, by seeing his Urine (and what Fool by the Broth cannot make a shift to guess at what Meat is in the Pot;) but I have carried my Disquisitions much farther: As for Instance, Let an *Attorney* bring me his Water, and I will tell him how his Client's Cause will go in *Westminster-hall*, and whether any of his Adversary's Witnesses are like to Perjure themselves. Let a young *Maiden* shew me but a Thimble-full of her Urine, and I will resolve her when she shall be married, how many Children she shall have, and what their respective Fortunes shall be. This, Gentlemen, may suffice at present, to let you see I can do somewhat more than my

*From the Globe and Urinal  
in Moor-fields, next  
Door to the Gun*

*Yours, &c.  
Silvester Partridge,  
Bre-*

Brethren. Next *Wednesday* I shall address my self to the Ladies.

*From Dec. the 3. to Dec. 11.*

Ladies.

I Suppose it will be granted me without much Difficulty, that Beauty is the greatest Priviledge and Blessing, which Heaven has bestow'd upon your Sex. Even Vertue it self, as Magnificently as some People love to talk of it, is inferiour to Beauty. This you'll think to be a Paradox, but 'tis easily Demonstrated. Is it not the Business of Vertue to wait upon Beauty, and to guard it from all rude Invaders? Now will any Man in his sober Senses, maintain that my Ladies Gentlewoman is above her Mistress? By the same sort of Reasoning he might as well pretend that a surly Beef-eater is as good a Man as his Majesty, which Heaven forbid!

THIS to this happy Qualification, I mean to your *Beauty*, Ladies, that you owe all your Conquests and Acquisitions. *Charity* may carry a Woman into a Nunne-ry, but it will never prefer her to a Monarch's Embraces; and *Money*, the most powerful Magnet next to *Beauty*, tho' it brings you abundance of Hypocrites, was  
never

never guilty of making one real Lover since the Creation. 'Tis by your *Beauty* that you make so many of your Admirers hang and drown themselves every Year, to the unspeakable Satisfaction and Comfort of your Hearts. By this you Triumph over the Severity of the Wife, the Indifference of the Insensible, and the Resolution of the Brave. This made *Julius Caesar*, and after him *Mark Antony*, to lay their Lawrels in *Cleopatra's* Lap. *Judith's* Eyes first pierced *Holofernes's* Heart, before her Hands smote off his Head. *Hercules*, tho' his Sinews were as strong as Cable-ropes, yet a single Hair of his Mistress *Omphale* dragg'd him whither she pleased.

How many Gallant Officers do we daily see in our Streets, who at the Seige of *Namur*, marched up boldly to the very Mouth of the Cannon, and received no harm, that have been since wounded by the fatal Glances of the *Belinda's* and *Melanissa's* in the Park and Play-house?

Not to insist any longer upon this Head, 'tis plain, that the Prize was long ago determin'd in Favour of Beauty by *Priam's* judicious Son, upon Mount *Ida*, when the three Goddesses appear'd before him in their *Puris Naturalibus*, and that nothing in the World is able to maintain its ground against it. It disarms *Fortitude*, it blinds the Eyes of *Justice*, it has betrayed *Prudence* into a thou-

sand



and Follies, it has inveigled *Temperance* into a Female Coffee-house, where it has Taught her to Debauch in wicked Cherry-brandy, and Dr. *Stephens's* Water. In fine, Ladies, had it not been for this, ten to one but the Men had long ago practised a piece of *Jewish* Policy upon her Sex, and contrived separate Apartments for you in their Houses, as the Sons of Circumcision still do in their *Synagogues*.

Can you then ever do enough, Ladies, for the Man, who by Heaven's Blessing upon his Indefatigable Application and Industry has attain'd to the *Secret* of not only continuing this Blessing to you, but even of bestowing it upon those, whom Nature never befriended with it, who has found out an Antidote against those terrible Things, call'd Wrinkles, and can secure all your Charms to the last Moment of your Life? Ought you not to hang up his Picture in your in our Bed-chambers and Closets? Ought you not to erect Statues to him, since by a contrivance, much more surprising, than that of a modern Uertuoso's making a Burning-glass of Ice, he can Teach your Eyes, even at Fourscore to inflame Hearts, and burn them to Tinder?

You complain of the great Inconstancy of the Men, and indeed, I will not pretend wholly to excuse them: But, alas! Ladies, you'll soon drop this Accusation, if  
you

you consider that your Faces are as changeable as they. When you have once seen Twenty, that impudent Underminer, Time, daily steals a Charm from you, and why should the Load-stone complain of the Iron for not dancing Attendance after it, when it has lost it's attractive Vertue; Lovers are of the Religion of the *Persians*, worship the rising Sun, and never mind him when he Declines. In short, Ladies, Love follows Beauty, as the Shadow follows the Body; and for a Woman to Dream of getting Gallants, when that has left her, is to expect as great a Miracle as Transubstantiation wrought in her Favour, where the Accidents continue, when the Substance, that supported them, is demolish'd. But this, I presume, is no Age for Miracles.

*What farther Discoveries, I have made in my Profession for the Service of your Sex, I intend to Publish in my next, and in the mean time beg Leave to Subscribe my self,*

From the Globe and Urinal  
in Moor-fieds, next  
Door to the Gun:

Yours, &c.  
Silvester Partridge

*From Dec. 11. to Dec. 18.*

Ladies,

**B**Eauty is so unspeakable an Advantage, and a Jewel of so inestimable Value to the Possessors of it, that you must excuse me, if I presume to Preach to you upon the same Subject again; which I purposely do, that you may take the more care to preserve it; for, between Friends be it said, a Woman that neglects her Beauty, is in a fair way to neglect her Soul.

**W**Hatever has been said by some Orators, concerning the mighty Power of Eloquence, may with more Justice be attributed to *Beauty*: 'Tis the most persuading Advocate in the World, by the same Token, that it pleads its Cause, even when it is silent. If it appears at Court, every Door flies open to receive it: Gouty decrepit Ministers of State, who are deaf to all the World besides, wou'd not stir from their Couch to hear a Bishop, run and listen to it with Admiration and Pleasure. If 'tis engaged in a Law-suit, it softens the austere Judge; nay, the best Councillor of 'em all, is proud to open its Cause. At Church, and at both Theaters it draws the  
Eyes

Eyes of all Spectators; it confers Grace and Greek, for it makes Deans and Prebends; it confers Fortitude too, for it makes Colonels and Captains; it draws Shoals of Customers to the Coffee-house or Tavern where it inhabits; it begets numberless Serenades and Sonnets: In short, its Health is toasted in all Companies, and its Name written in all Glass-windows.

Some have ventured to make a Parallel between *Music* and *Beauty*, but with great Injustice to the latter in my Opinion; for, Ladies, to express my self like a Philosopher, that which we receive in at our Ears, makes infinitely a weaker Impression upon us, than what our Eyes convey to us; But this is not all, for *Beauty* is the Mother of *Music*, as appears by the numberless Songs that are made to it; and is't not ridiculous to the last degree, to prefer the Oblation to the Divinity that receives it? If *Orpheus* and *Amphion* drew *Stones* after them by the Influence of their Harmony, I'll appeal to you, Ladies, whether *Beauty* has not done the same Thing a Thousand times, and all by the Power and Prevalence of its Charms.

But, alas! when a Person, let her Condition and Quality be what it pleases, has once lost this *Treasure*, she may shut up her *Exchequer*; she's perfectly dead to this wicked World, and is no more regarded by the Sparks of the Town, than the *Barome-*



*Papers* are by the Tradesmen, since they have been so wickedly bilk'd by them. What is more afflicting, her very Husband, who was accessary in part to the Destruction of her *Beauty*, (Ladies, you know my Meaning, without explaining myself farther looks upon her with the same Contempt and Scorn, as he does upon a Play that has been thrice damn'd: All that such an unfortunate Person has left her to do, is to Administer to the Pleasures of others, when she is past them herself; which is as great and mortifying a Fall, as it wou'd be in a Gentleman, that used to play upon his own Head at the *Groom-Porter's*, to content himself with being an humble Spectator, or Dealing the Cards to the rest of the Gamblers.

And as for those unfortunate Women, that never enjoy'd it, ought they not to run barefoot to the *North Pole*; ought they not to cut the *Equinoctial* and visit both *Indies* to procure that Qualification, (if it were possible for Travelling to procure it,) which wou'd not only protect them from Contempt, but give 'em an Empire over all that behold them?

But, Ladies, you need not give yourselves the Trouble to Travel so far: You that have *Beauty*, and are willing to preserve it, and you that were born without it, and desire to obtain it, need only make a  
small

small Visit to Dr. *Silvestor Partridge*, next Door to the *Gun* in *Moorfields*, and he will do both your *Businesses* for you effectually.

It may be said perhaps that no young Woman in the World ever thought herself Ugly, as no Wit ever thought himself dull, and consequently that this Advice is lost to them: But to prevent this Objection, I have at home a *Speculum Veritatis*, or an *Impartial Looking-glass*; which no Astrologer in the Universe has besides my self, into which, whoever looks, he shall soon spy all his Infirmities: The Wit shall find himself to be a Coxcomb, and the Lady shall own her self to be Deformed, altho' she is a Dutcheß.

Does it not then highly behoove, (pardon me, Ladies, if I express my self with some Warmth) does it not highly behoove every individual Woman in the three Kingdoms, who possesses so precious a Flower, to cherish and nurse it up with all the Care imaginable? Is she not obliged in Point of Reputation and Interest (whatever you, Ladies, may think of the former, I am sure you ought not to neglect the latter,) to maintain the thing that contributes so much to her Peace at home, and her Satisfaction abroad? And can any thing be more unnatural, than to omit the preserving of that Structure, and suffer it to run to decay; up-

on which her Security as well as Pleasure depends?

But, Ladies, lest I should seem to invade your own Prerogative, which is that of Talking more than comes to my Share, I will here break short and conclude. Next *Wednesday* I intend to hold forth to you upon these three great Destroyers of *Beauty*; Paint, Cold Tea, and *Ratiffa*; and in the mean time am

From the *Globe* and *Urinal*  
in *Moor-fields*, next  
Door to the Gun.

*Yours, &c.*

Silvester Partridge.

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*The End of the First Part.*

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The Second Part

By Mr. *Edward Ward*,

Author of the

LONDON SPY.

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*Continued Weekly.*

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*From Jan. 6. to Jan. 13.*

**P**ERhaps you may ascribe my Fortnight's Omission, to the same Policy practis'd amongst the good natur'd Ladies of the Age, who often withdraw their Favours from their Gallants, on purpose to whet their Appetites to the next Bliss they intend to impart to 'em: But if you, think so, I must take the Liberty to tell you, you are much mistaken, for you must know we Wits have our intervals of Dulness, as mad Men have now and then their Lucid inter-

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missions;



*missions ; and altho' I can assure you I enjoy the Benefit of Mens sana in Corpore sano, as much as any Clergy-man that gives his Lungs a breathing twice a week at his Parish-Church, yet, like them, I cannot altogether excuse myself from being subject to that fatal Distemper, called the Drunken Stupidity, in which Disease Morpheus must be allow'd to be a better Physician, than your old Friend Case, or the unborn Doctor ; therefore I would have you believe, that irresistible Temptation, the Bottle, drew me into the Sin of Negligence, and made me either very unwilling, or else incapable of obliging you : But however, now I am thorowly awaken'd, and begin to reflect on my past Forgetfulness, I am resolved to endeavour to divert you for the future with more Constancy.*

**W**E are credibly inform'd, the Czar of Muscovy is so highly Enrag'd at his late Overthrow, that he is resolved to turn Pagan in Opposition to all Christianity ; and is so angry with his Clergy, that their Prayers for his Success have been ineffectual, that he has threaten'd the Heads of some, and the Testicles of others, to the great Lamentation of the female Sex, throughout his whole Territories.

Coffee-house Politicians are at a great Puzzle about the present Affairs of Europe. The Treaty of Partition, a War or no War. The

The new King of *Spain*, and the new Parliament ; being all the Subject of the Evening Tittle-tattle, about which many a fools Bolt will be soon shot, and many a wise Man confounded.

It may be easily foreseen, without the Consultation of the Stars, that Watermen till next Term, will have little else to do, than to play at Slap-at-depouch in their Boats to warm their Fingers, or else drink in Ale-houses, till they be Drunk, and then for want of better Employment, bast one another with their unmerciful Stretchers.

Impetuous Storms may be reasonably expected before the Winter is over, especially in those Families where the Wives wear the Breeches ; and such loud Winds will be apt to arise in and about the City of *London*, that many houses will be untiled, and the poor Cuckold whirled out of Doors, that the Coast may be clear for some Irish Pentioner ; also Aches in the Shoulders will be much complain'd of amongst divers marry'd Women, who have surly Knaves to their Husbands ; and many a wrangling Dispute arise in the blessed State of Matrimony, that never will be decided till Death part the Disputants.

Maids this Winter will be troubled with strong Stiches about the Girding place ; which Disease will principally proceed from their Situation in Supinity, and many a marry'd

Gentleman will be troubled with such a dimness of Sight, that they will make but small Distinction between their own Wives and their Chamber-maids.

It will certainly prove a hard Winter with many Scholars, for though they Study much, they are likely to gain but little; they will be apt to carry more Wit in their Pates, than Silver in their Breeches. Dunces shall prove more Wealthy than Doctors, insomuch, that sundry unletter'd Sots shall serve themselves into the Ministry, if the provident Care of Reverend Bishops don't juggle them aside.

Butchers, though they have been dragg'd up amongst black Cattle, if they have not a Care, will find Horns hurtful to 'em; and some shall be so Wedded to Swines-flesh, that they will never be without a Sow in their Houses, so long as they continue in the State of Matrimony.

Many Tokens of the Horn-plague, will very suddenly appear upon divers Citizens, who have celebrated Beauties to their Wives, and deal chiefly with Courtiers. 'Tis likely to prove an ugly Distemper, and will greatly affect both the Head and the Heart of those Patients it afflicteth; 'twill be to some as troublesome a Distemper, as the Small-pox, tho' not so mortal; and will make 'em so wilfully weak-sighted, that they wont forbear winking at their  
Wives.

Wives failings, or will they be able to discern their own Unhappiness, till the Pestilence of Cuckoldom, which their Heads catch from the Tails of their Help-mates, brings their whole Families into a deep Consumption.

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From Jan. 13. to Jan. 20.

Gentlemen,

*Should a Leviathan swim up to Cuckolds-point, a Porpus be catch'd as high as Lambeth-house; or a Blazing Star appear within our Horizon, I could from these or such-like Prodigies, amaze the World with Astrological Judgments grounded upon some Authority; or should a Physician go ten Miles in his Coach to see a pennyless Patient; a Lawyer without a Fee, talk till he sweats in a Pauper's Cause; or a rich Parson when he dyes, leave all he has to the Poor of his Parish; these would be most miraculous Signs of some wonderful Revolution, and well worthy of an Astrologer's Conjectures: therefore when any thing happens that is strange or remarkable, you may be sure of my Opinion concerning it, given Secundum Artem: till then I can only Entertain you with ordinary Predictions*



*Etions, for common Causes produce common Effects.*

I Can plainly foresee the Sons and Daughters of Iniquity, will never have done riding through the filthy Roads of Adultery and Fornication, as long as Tavern-chairs are able to carry double; and many will so grievously gaul themselves, though it be a short Journey, that they will be forc'd to take the same Physick as Sinners do, for a *Gonorrhœa Virulent*, before they will be cur'd.

Many political Reports will be scattered abroad within this three Months, concerning foreign Affairs, which will greedily be believ'd as true as the Gospel, tho' as false as the Devil. Fears and Jealousies of some Courtiers will make the Citizens Beards wag over their Coffee, like Clock-work-Drummers over the *Hospital-gate* in *Bartholomew-fair* time; and cause many a tattling Mechanick to say ill things of some Folks, whilst their Wives at home are doing as bad with others. Broken Officers will renew their Courage with the hopes of a new War, whilst Merchants upon Change shall look as dull as a cast Client, through despair of Trade.

When Misers begin to grow Charitable, and Courtiers as good as their words, Taylors

lors will begin to make honest Bills, and Excise-men do Justice between the King and the Subject. When Flatterers speak as they think, and Hypocrites serve Heaven with Sincerity, then shall Tally-men forsake their Knavery, and Strumpets their Impudence, and the World turn honest all of a sudden to Mankind's Amazement; Contention cease, to the Lawyers undoing, and the Black-List want Names to the great dissatisfaction of the Reforming Society.

It may be greatly fear'd the Nation in general, will in a little time be very much troubled with the Megrims; insomuch, that he must be a sound Man in Condition, as well as in Constitution, that will be able to stand on his own Legs, without four Hundred and *&c.* to support him; for Wars, or Rumors of Wars, will make People as dizzy as a Cat, whose Fore-head has been rub'd by the heavy Hand of a Porter; and Fears and Jealousies will make us too apt to slip out of the Frying-pan into the Fire, if not prudently prevented.

Women, in spite of Prayers twice a day, and two good Sermons on a *Sunday*, will for this present Year, as well as in all times hereafter, become less Vertuous, as they grow more Cunning, prove greater Hypocrites as they shew more Piety, slight those most, that Love 'em best, and surely make Fools of all such Wise-akers as are silly enough to let 'em.

The

The Black Jaundice of Ingratitude, will be a reigning Distemper amongst such Men, who have much Wealth and no Wisdom, large Purfes and little Consciences; inso-much, that you may do twenty Kindnesses to one Man, before you receive one from any Man; oblige every Body, till you have found Honesty in no Body; and part with many a Pound of true Sterling, before you will purchase one Grain of true Friendship.

When every Man in this World has according to his Desert, many will be taken out of their Coaches and put into Carts; some tumble from the B---- to the Bar, and many be cast from the P-----t, and put to the Paring-shovel; whilst some others, on the contrary, shall shift off their Rags, and be put into Robes, change their Poverty for Plenty; and the Injur'd will enjoy that to which they have Right and Title; then will the Misery of Iniquity be laid open without Law, and Mankind have Justice done 'em without Bribery; and he that has Patience to wait till the Sky falls to catch Larks, will surely find these things happen when the World's turn'd topsy-turvy.

She that has a Sot to her Husband, will find she has a Beast to her Bedfellow; and he that Marries my Ladies Chamber-maid, will go near to have a Slut to his Wife; she  
that's

that's an ill Woman before she is Marry'd, will prove worse after, if she repents not heartily of her Sins ; but he that Marries her will prove the best Husband that repents the least of his Folly: Some impatient Cuckolds will be so chollerick and hasty, that a Neighbour won't dare to say Horns within his hearing, without the hazard of having his Head broke with a Paring-shovel, whilst other tame Cornutoes bear their Antlets with so little concern, that a Man may cry Cuckow at his Shop-door without affronting him.

He that goes into *Smithfield* on any *Fryday* in the Year, must be a Man of very strong Sight, that will be able to discern a Horse-courser from an arrant Knave ; and he that goes into *Long-lane* on any Work-day in the Week to buy Cloaths, will have as hard a matter to escape being Cheated.

Whilst the Thaw lasts, it will be much easier sleeping in a warm Bed at Midnight, than riding Post to *Canterbury* ; and a Freeholder that goes into the Field to chuse P-----t-Men, will be much more safe with a two Penny Oaken Cudgel in his Hand, than a Groatsworth of addled Eggs in his Pocket. He that has a W-----e to his Wife, an Extravagant to his Son, and a Thief to his Servant, is in a fair way to be undone, without himself lending a Helping-hand to the matter ; and the poor Client that is ruin'd  
in



160      *A Comical VIEW of*  
in *Westminster-hall*, will never count a Lawyer an honest Man, as long as two to one shall be thought Odds at Foot-ball.

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*From Jan. 20. to Jan. 27.*

Gentlemen,

SINCE, without much Vanity, I can warrant my Predictions as Infallible, as the thrice Croaking of a Raven over a House-top, the Screaming of a Weasel in the Chamber of sick Patient, or the Chirping of a single Cricket in a Chimney-corner, which are all look'd upon as melancholy Omens of some succeeding Evil that will attend the Family; Why should not I, that can foresee the merry Occurrences of the Town, as well as any Mother Shipton, and can foretel the Follies and Knaveries of Mankind, much better than a Death-watch can the sad Exit of a languishing Mortal, take the liberty of Publishing my Prognostications, since I hope they propose no other Reward, than now and then to be Laugh'd at?

I could heartily wish, Gentlemen, for your sakes, my Paper was as full of Wit, as a Hog's Pudding is full of Oat-meal, or an old Pedagogue full of Latin Scraps; and then perhaps it would relish with you as well, and  
prove

*prove as pleasant, as a Mess of Leek-porridge to a hungry Welsh-man, or a Bottle of small Beer to a drouhtby Drunkard; but we scribbling Astrologers, you must know, are better Husbands of our Wit, than Criticks are of their Censures, and let them out by sundry small Parcels, as Usurers do their Money, the Hazard being the less, and the Advantage the greater : So that we take care to cut you out just a Penniworth for your Penny, and hope every reasonable Reader, will accordingly be satisfied.*

A Bundance of Female-Hippocrites, who have the *Practice of Piety* laid open upon their Dressing-table, will be observ'd by their Chamber-maids to be very Extravagant, laying out such large Sums of Time in new White-washing their Faces, that they will begin their Work in their Beds betimes in the Morning, and will not have ended their Diabolical Task, till a little before Dinner-time; yet will be seen at Church, as often as at the Play-house; and will be heard much louder than the Clark, in their Responses to the Parson.

When he that stands for a Representative, hears nothing of his Faults, then shall Silence put a Padlock upon the Mouths of the Rabble, and a Man's Enemies be deaf to all manner of Calumny; but that will never happen *Westward*, whilst double

Fines and Ginger-bread are hit in the Teeth of a great Man in the Law, and a Box and Dice are rattled in the Ears of a great Gamester, and a Courtier.

When Religion, without Interest, is Preach'd up for the Lord's sake only, and Courtiers mind the Welfare of the Publick, and pay their Debts without many Importunities, then shall the People of *England* be all one Opinion: Women forsake their Pride; Tradesmen forbear Lying in their Shops; and Libertines, before Thirty, renounce the Flesh and the Devil: But he that intends to be an Eye-witness of these happy Revolutions, must be arm'd, and live beyond the Age of *Methusalem*.

*Shakespere* and *Ben. Johnson's* Ghosts, will in a little time pay a Visit to both Play-houses; and if their Fury be not appeased by a fair Promise of a new Regulation of their Stages, with Scorpion Rods, borrowed from the Furies, they will whip the *Barnet* Mimick and the *French* Tumblers out of both Houses, and convince the Spectators, a good old Play is a better Entertainment for a sensible Audience, than a modern Farce with *Bartholomew-fair* Sauce to it; and that a good Moral Speech, is far more Edifying than the Braying of an Human Ass; and the neat Contexture of a good Plot, far more delightful than the Flip-flap, or the double Summerfet.

When

When disaffected Statesmen pelt a sinking Government with Libels, and the Rabble refuse to believe 'em, then shall News-Papers report nothing but Truth, and the grisly sober Citizen forbear to read 'em. But these things will never come to pass, as long as there's a Flatterer at Court, a Cuckold in the City, a whimsey-headed Fool within a Stone's Cast of *Gresham-Colledge*, and a Pack of Knaves within a Bow's Shot of *Leaden-hall Market*.

When Astrologers dare tell some sort of Truths, without the Danger of being punish'd, a misterious Way of Speaking will be laid aside, and many a great Man's Picture would be drawn in plain *English*. But till then, you must say, And please your Honour, to some high Knaves; Your Ladyship, to some great Wh---s; whilst the little Rogue shall be hang'd, and the poor Strumpet whip'd, for offending against those Laws which the other bid Defiance to.

Tho' the Weather be cold, the hot Plague of Lust will be very brief among Chamber-maids and Exchange-wenches, who are young and fair, but have no Portions; are of ripe Years to be marry'd, but can get no Body to have 'em; and pine under the Green-sickness for want of some Body to cure 'em. Many a Citizen's Plump-cheek'd Daughter would go near to fall under



der the same Misfortune, were it not that the Smoch-fac'd 'Prentice us'd the natural Expedient for preserving her Complexion. And for ought I know, some forward Ladies of higher Quality, would oftner fall in Love with Oat-meal, Wall and Cinders, did not young Smell-smock, the Page, stand between her and the Distemper.

Great Fears and Jealousies will arise amongst our Protestant Neighbours, about a Popish Incurfion; and many good Christians in *England*, will be so over Charitable, that they will shew a great Forwardness of taking the Burthen off their richer Neighbours Backs, to bear it upon their own poor Shoulders; and use the utmost of their Endeavours to procure the Nation's Consent to fling the Helve after the Hatchet. But I can pretty well foresee by some good Planetary Influences, that the Bank of *Amsterdam*, the *Rhenish*-wine Fat at *Hidleberg*, and the *Dutch* Protestant Religion, will be all render'd safe without such an expensive Assistance from *England*, as some of our over-amicable Friends are willing to afford 'em.

Men, we shall find in a little time, will become Wolves, or worse Creatures: Country Gentlemen shall eat up the industrious Farmers; Citizens the Country Gentlemen; Courtiers the Citizens; the Usurer the poor House-keeper, and the Devil the Usurer.

Crafty-

Crafty-headed Men shall feed on the Handy-Craftsmen; Lawyers shall swallow their Clients, and many of 'em be suddenly choak'd with a bad Cause; Scriveners shall cram down young Heirs, as if they were roasted Green-Geese, or fat Woodcocks; and Bayliffs shall snap up poor Debtors, as fast as a Glutton does Shrimps and Oysters at a Fish-dinner.

When Hog's-Flesh is belov'd in *Scotland*, as much as Whore's Flesh is in *England*, then shall the *Northern* Puritans renounce their Covenant, and stand up for Episcopacy: And when a *Welsh*-man rails against toasted Cheese, and *Herefordshire* Cyder, then shall an *Irish*-Poet write a Satyr against Usquebaugh, and gain, *by my Shoul, dear Joy*, the Applause of his whole Country. But when these Wonders shall come to pass, whoever can tell, must be the Devil of a Conjuror.

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*From Jan. 27. to Feb. 3.*

Gentlemen,

**T**He Loftiness of my Mind, made me climb, last Week to the top of the Monument where I gaz'd around me, like a Jack-Daw perch'd upon the Battlements of

a Church-steeple. And when I had justly admir'd the Immensity of the Heavens, and pleas'd my self with seeing many a Cuckold's Cat dance along the Ridge of his House, with as much Grace as a Dutch Rope-dancer. I look'd down into the Streets, where I saw a Parcel of busie Mortals, running backwards and forwards, who seem'd to be dwindled into such little Knaves, that I fancy'd my self in Prester John's Country, mounted upon the Verticle Point of some over-grown Mole-hill; observing the Hurry and Confusion of a Race of Pigmies, who seem'd to be mudling and working one among amother, like so many Maggots in a Tub of stinking Kitchen-stuff. When I had mus'd some time upon the sundry Objects I beheld, and look'd over London, like the Devil over Lincoln, I must confess; I had the ill Manners to turn my Breech upon the City, as a morose Cinich does his Back upon the gaudy Pumps and Vamties of the World, and fac'd about towards the River, which kept a Roaring as it run thro' the Arches, as if it was very angry with London-bridge, for obstructing its Passage. Every now and then, a Mortal or two pop'd thro' in white Shirts, with such unaccounted Celerity, that I thought Old Nick had been Playing at Nine-holes through the Arches of the Bridge, and instead of Bowls, made use of Watermen. Having thus, like a Sailor at Topmast-head, look'd round the Horizon,  
from

*from the many Observations I made, both of things above me and below me, I may reasonably conclude, my following Predictions will prove much truer than the Marshal Stories of an old Low Country Soldier, or a Marri-ner's strange Report of Lapland or New England Witches. If they do not, I will make Bum-fodder of Ptolomy, and condemn Albumazar to the Lining of Trunks, or Covering of Band-boxes.*

**T**Here will be more Cunning in some Lawyers Chambers practis'd during the Term, than Plain-dealing us'd in all the Tally-mens Shops in *London* for a whole Year: Such opening of Green Bags, such ruffling of Papers and Parchments, such ratling of Pens and In-khorns, and such a rangling Noise of Tongues will be heard in *Westminster-hall*, that many a poor Client will be frighted out of all he has before the Hurry will be over.

The Taverns and Eating-houses near the Inns of Courts and Chancery, for a Fort-night or three Weeks, will be so abominably pester'd with Country Attorneys, that it will be as hard a matter for an honest Man to squeeze in amongst 'em, for a Slice of *Chancery-lane* Pudding, or a *Fetter-lane* Dumpling, as 'tis for a Man of true Merit to jostle into a Place at Court without Bribery. Many warm Disputes will arise



amongst the Lawyers during this cold Term; yet amongst all the Arguments they use, they will give but few of their Honesty. He, who by the Tallons of the Law, has been once claw'd till he feels the Smart on't, will rather choose to be Flogg'd with *French* Birch, and lie a Month under the Chyrurgion's Hands, than to be at the Expence of maintaining a Suit several Years in Chancery: No Man is sure of having Right done him, as long as Witneses will be perjurd; for many an ill Cause will be made good by bad Consciences.

Many Widows, who follow their dead Husband howling to Church, and at the Grave drill such Showers of Sorrow from their Watry Eyes, will be better than half sped of fresh Bed-fellows before the Burial-Ceremony will be fully over; especially if they are but either Rich or Pretty in Illusion; to which we have an old Adage, which says, No more Pitty to see a Widow Weep, than to see a Goose go Bare-foot.

Many who complain much of those *English* Distempers, the Rhumatism and Scurvy, if they have not a special care of themselves, will find 'em turn'd into the *French* P--- by the next Spring; therefore I would advise 'em to have Recourse to me, or some other Physician, lest their Disease should lead 'em by the Nose into publick Shame and Derision.

Young

Young Men will grow so covetous in that rampant Season, the Spring, that they'll desire to seize on every pretty Girl they come at; and old Leachers will grow so Lusty and so Wanton, that they will give twice more Money for a Maiden-head, than they will put into the Poors Box at an *Easter*-Offering. Batchelors Wives and Maids Children, will be brought under rare Discipline, notwithstanding the old Proverb, *viz. That none knows how to tame a Shrow, but he that has her*; and more seeming Friendship may be had in a House of Transgression for a Crown, than at *Billingsgate*-Market for an ill Word, or at the Bear-garden for a box of the Ear.

Many People shall be troubled with such a Dizziness of Pate, arising from the Fumes of Wine and Taplash, that they will be abominably plagu'd with a forgetful Carelessness of their own Business; and abundance of sottish Michanicks, in spite of Almanacks, will turn Worky-days into Holy-days; and many a City Shop-keeper's Wife, when her Husband has shut up Shop, upon an Anniversary, and suffers not his Servants to expose his Commodities, will, contrary to Mr. *Hide*, sham her Spouse's Knowledge, suffer her Ware to be tumbled and tous'd about by one who is rather a Partner than Customer and comes rather to Steal, than lay out any Money.

Porters,

Porters, in regard they are reputed Men of the best Understanding, shall in all burthenfome Difficulties, be trusted with the weightiest Matter of the Kingdom; and notwithstanding they drink abundance of strong Drink, to make 'em light-hearted, yet shall it prove a heavy Year to 'em, in spight of Ale, Brandy and Tobacco. Fiddlers and Drummers will prove very troublesome to new Marry'd People, infomuch, that a Man can't Marry a Woman with a little Money, but presently they make such Noise about the Matter, that all the Town shall be acquainted with it: Players, tho' they seldom are, ought to be accounted Men of considerable Parts, and though they make almost every Day a Play-day, yet cannot they be reckon'd idle People, since they are commonly in Action; yet are they Persons but of small Conduct in their Affairs, for every time they go about their Business, they are put to their Shifts.

When St. *Athanasius's* Creed is believ'd by the superfine holy People of *England*, without Scruple or Objection, then will the Revelations of St. *John* be expounded, and all that believe in *A——l's* Doctrine, upon a due Proportion of Faith, enjoy, without Death, the Benefit of Translation.

*From Feb. 3. to Feb. 10.*

Gentlemen,

**A**S I sat last Week musing in my Study, surrounded with many well-disciplin'd Regiments of old Authors, whose Force I had strengthn'd with some few Battalions of modern Pamphlets ; I began, in a melancholy Fit, to fancy my self as Great as some Confederate General at the Head of an Invincible Army, consisting of as many several Nations, as my Books were of divers Languages : But as my Senses were thus deluded with this frenzical Piece of Vanity, I happen'd to have a solid Globe Celestial hanging over my Head, which Minute Representation of the Heavens, you cannot but know, is very useful for us Astrologers ; and just as I was thinking to lay Siege to the Bank of Amsterdam, what the Globe hung by, happen'd to give way, and down it came upon my Head, with such an insupportable Weight, that it knock'd me out of my Chair, and laid me sprawling, like a Gresham-Colledge Vertuoso practising to Swim upon a Table. When I came a little to my self, and finding a worse Pain in my Head than a Citizen troubled with Brow-antlets, I could no more forbear scratching my Ears at my Misfortune, than a Porter that has tum-  
bled



bled down with a Basket of full Bottles, or a hungry Prentice that has flung down a Plumb Pudding in carrying on't to the Bake-house: When the Anguish of the Blow was pretty well abated, an old Saying happen'd to revive it self in my Noddle, some thing applicable to my Mischance, That when the Sky falls we shall catch Larks: But I had the who Heavens, the twelve Houses, and the Planets about my Ears at once, and all that I got, was a broken Head by the Bargain. This unlucky Plot on my Pericranion, you must needs think awak'd me thoroughly from my melancholy Dream, and indeed occasion'd me to take into Consideration what might be the best Use I could make of this unhappy Accident, and found my Reason inclinable to believe, that my undertaking to Predict many Things without the Consultation of the Stars, had made the Heavens angry with me, and that they had sent a whole Army of Constellations upon my Head, with a design to knock my Brains out, as a Revenge for the Affront. Upon which, I resolv'd for the future, to go more methodically to Work; and taking up my Globe, after I had turn'd it about and about, as a Cat will do a Ball, or a Monkey a Cocoa-nut, I found by my Observation of the Stars, these following Wonders will very speedily happen; if not, I shall be well satisfied for the future, the Planets know no more of the Matter than the Man in the Moon.

UNlucky Birds shall foul their own Nests, and *English*-Men shall rail against *English*-Men, to the Shame of themselves, and Scandal and Contempt of their own Native Country ; pretending to teach us how to behave our selves well to Strangers, by a base Example of behaving our selves ill one to another ; which might be thought passable Doctrine from a *Dutch* Trooper, sent back by the Laws of the Land into his own Country ; but ought to be look'd upon by all true-born *English*-Men, as a Scandalous Undertaking of an *English* Poet, who justly deserves Punishment instead of Praise, for so Rediculous a Labour.

When a Pamphlet, Entitul'd, *The Stock-jobber*, &c. shall be prov'd so plainly true, as to convince the Publick, then will it be high time for the People of *England* to begin to look about 'em, lest their Religion, Liberties and Properties, are sacrific'd to the Avarice and Ambition of some mercenary Senators, who prefer *Mammon* to the Deity, and esteem their own private Interest and Safety before the common Security of Mankind, and publick Welfare of the Nation ; but as the old Woman said, when her Priest told her of the Jews ill Usage to our Saviour, In Grace of God it may'n't be true ; and then we are more afraid than hurt, and shall have no Occasion, I hope, but

but to think well of those who are elected as the Guardians of the Kingdom to secure its Happiness.

Abundance of two-leg'd Caterpillars this Year, such as Petty-foggers, Flatterers, Brokers, Tally-men, and mercenary Cuckold-makers, shall feed upon the Sweat of other Mens Brows, and bring many poor Families to Beggary, unless a *Notherly* Blast of Heaven's Vengeance happen to clear the Land of such destructive Vermin. And if my Judgment fail me not, the Ingratitude of Vintners and Victuallers will be as much complain'd on amongst negligent Sots and extravagant Tiplars, as the Knavery of some Lawyers and Money-Scriveners, will be rail'd against by such as have been Sufferers by the Law, or have Mortgag'd their Estates for Quarter of the Worth, and have at last been trick'd out of the same for half the Value.

Many brave Spirits, and worthy Men of singular Merit, shall in a little time be so ungratefully dealt by, that for their great Services, and magnanimous Atchievements, they shall be recompenc'd with a *Bellisarian* Alms, and have the Eyes of their Reputation popt out by the infectious Fingers of Envy and base Neglect; and so cast out of Favour, to make Room for those who have more Confidence than Vertue, and more Cunning than Honesty.

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When a self-conceited Beau thinks his Mistress handsomer than himself, or the Eyes of a crooked Woman are open to her own Deformity, then shall Wits forbear railing one against another, and Beauties without Envy, commend one another's Perfections: But when these things happen, Usurers shall build Churches with their Money, Lawyers plead heartily without a Fee, and Honesty at Court be practis'd more than Flattery.

When the Hands of the *Scotch* Highlanders are as free from the Itch, as their Hearts are from Loyalty, then shall the Business of *Blinco*, their Dissettlement at *Darien*, and their Charter for an *East-India* Company, be utterly bury'd in Oblivion; and when their *Scotch* Senate Vote to stand by the Government of *England* against *France* and *Spain*, with their Lives and Fortunes, then shall the Snake lift up his Head above the Grass, and show himself so plain to the Wisdom of *England*, that we shall trust 'em just as far upon their fresh Assurance of Fidelity, as a good Christian would the Devil, because he appeared to him in a Saint's Apparel.



The Character of a true Born Dutch  
SKIPPER.

**B**Egot on Board some Fly-boat, Ship or Hoy,  
That did at Anchor safe in Harbour lie;  
Nurs'd up with Burgooe, Herrings, Scate and Cod,  
Which gave an Ottor's Nature to his Blood:  
Whose muddy Streams move slow, and are so cold,  
He must have Brandy to be Warm or Bold;  
Bred up to Business, suited to his Mettle,  
To swab the Deck, hand Sail, and Cook the Kettle.  
When four times seven Years he's din'd and sup'd  
On Fish, and Grut (then as he long kashop'd)  
He Rules a Wooden World, wherein he first was pup'd: }  
With a Thrum Cap he struts upon the Deck,  
And has his lousie Subjects at his Beck:  
But when on Shore, he like a Monster seems,  
Walks like a Cow, and looks as if he dreams;  
His sandy Whiskers, he doth well become,  
Turn'd up with Snivil oft instead of Gum:  
Does little good on Land, yet thinks no harm,  
Keeps Hands in Pockets, Glove beneath his Arm:  
A senseless Fashion which our Beaus think fine,  
Dull English Calves to imitate Dutch Swine.

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*From Feb. 10. to Feb. 17.*

Gentlemen,

**O**UR Horizon last Week, by a more  
than ordinary Agitation of the Wind,  
being clear'd of all Clouds and condens'd  
Vapours, that often hinder us from the pleas-  
sing

*ing Sight of those glorious Constellations that shine above us, I was tempted by the Brightness of the Heavens one Night, to walk as far as Lamb's Conduit with my Quadrant, Telescope, and Nocturnal, to Delight my Senses as well as Improve my Judgment, with an Hour's Star-gazing: When I was advanc'd far enough in the Fields to make a clear Horizon to the Northward, I clap'd my Rump against the Post of a Stile, to keep my Body the more stiddy, and elevating my Telescope to my right Eye, I began to play at Bo-peep with the Planets, like any Country Conjuror. I had not been long enough at my Heavenly Exercise, to discover how many Spokes were in one of the Wheels of Charles's Wain, or to tell how many Sticks were bundled up in the Man of the Moon's Foggot; but a Milk-Maid crossing the Fields to Pindar of Wakefield, ask'd me what I was looking at: It put me, I confess, to a Puzzle at the present, to answer her Impertinence; but after a little Deliberation; I told her by way of Banter, that Mars and Venus, with the rest of the Planetary Gods and Goddesses, had got the Dogstar in a Halter, and were going to Bait the little Bear in the North, and that within a quarter of an Hour there would be as good Sport in the Heavens, as ever was seen at the Bear-garden. Pray, Sir, says she, let me have the handling of your long Thing a little, that I may look*

thro' and see some of the Pastime. Upon which, willing to oblige Jugg Handle-tet, I lent her my Instrument, (I mean not that of Generation) and when she had peep'd thro' it about half a-quarter of an Hour, as intently as any Fl-mst-d, I ask'd her what she could see? To which the Baggage reply'd, Nothing, but that you Star-gazers are a Pack of Lying Knaves, and that they are a Parcel of silly Fools who give any Credit to your Sayings. This sharp Reflection on my Profession, put me not a little to the Blush, and struck me as Dumb as a stark mad Lover, silenc'd by a Negative Answer from his Mistress, so that 'was as much as ever I could do from that Night's Observations, to calculate the following Predictions, which I have given to divert you.

**W**E shall have abundance of lying, as well as flying Reports, scatter'd abroad amongst us, by some who have more Craft than Honesty, on purpose to try the Weakness and Credulity of the common People: Some concerning strange Hairy Monsters as tall as a May-pole, and as big bout as a Brewer's Copper; as wild as an Arabian Boar, as ravenous as a Wolf, and as strong as an Elephant, that bears a Castle on his Back; taken the Lord knows where, by God knows who, and carry'd the Devil knows whither.

Other

Other Stories of Strange Armies seen in the Skies, some accourter'd with short Cloaks and long Spada's, with huge Snush-boxes in their Hands, and a Clove of Garlick in their Months, as if they were *Spaniards*. Others in ragged Coats, with nimble Heels, and more nimble Tongues, Cutting of Capers, and Whistling of Minuets, with a brown *George* in one Hand, and a Wisp of Dandelion in t'other, as if they were *French*. Others with Carrot Hair and freckled Faces, rubbing their Elbows and scratching their Knuckles in Plads and Bonnets, with a Bag of Oat-meal by their sides, as if they were *Scotch*. Other huge lusty Fellows, with broad Faces, flat Noses, and no Brains, with a Pouch full of Tobaccodust, and a Bag full of Potatoes slung cross their Shoulders, mumbling their *Pater Noster*, telling their Beads, and running away in their Brouges as if the Devil were behind 'em, looking as if they were *Irish*. Others Damning and Sinking in bloody-colour'd Coats, with a Lump of Bag-pudding in one Hand, and a piece of powdered Beef in the other, running headlong into Danger, without Fear or Wit, as if they were *English*. Others half Drunk, looking like brawny Slovens, with yellow Whiskers, and brown Skins, in white Coats, with red Herrings in their Hands, and Brandy-bottles at their Girdles, standing a loof off of all Danger,



resembling the *Dutch*. These and such like kind of Stories, will be impos'd upon the Publick, by News-makers and Newspapers, that some Folks may know the better how to carve out News for the Multitude, that may be cleverly swallow'd without Kecking.

The Rise and Fall of Guineas being prevented by Act of Parliament, the Devil's principal Agents upon Earth, called *Stock-jobbers*, will be as busy about lowering of *French* Gold, and starting other new Projects to cheat the Publick, as ever a Pack of City-Knaves were in Cozening the Orphans of their Patrimony, till they have got most of the Lewi'd'Ores into their own Clutches, and then the Publick will see they will find a way to make 'em go currant at their former Value, with many Thousand Pounds Gain into their own Pockets; therefore if the Town is not as cautious as these Sharpers are cunning, Knavery will thrive, and send Honesty a begging.

There is a fine Picture, relating to the Charitable Sir Somebody, which hangs up against St. *Sepulchre's* Church-yard-wall, and a fine Speech relating to the same worthy Citizen, at the latter End of the *True-born Englishman*; from which opposite Representations, I can plainly foresee many warm Disputes will arise between his Friends and his Enemies, about which of  
the

*Courtier, wallowing in the Embraces of an old Alderman's young Quiddle-doodle. Have I catch'd you, thought I; Marry, if Drinking and Whoring are practical Delights among Gods and Goddesses, well may poor Mortals, who are subject to the Influence of your Debaucheries, have an irresistible Propensity to oblige Nature with now and then a Taste of the like pleasant Recreations. Having thus discover'd, Secundum Artem, the remote Cause that had fermented my Blood into this Venereal Ebolition, I retir'd into my Study, where from several Celestial Observations, as well as those already mentioned, according to the Infallible Rules and Judgement of Astrology, I have hereafter foretold, in this present Paper, many strange, but true things, that shall come to pass in futuro.*

**T**HE present Juncture of Affairs will go near to require a Standing Army by Land, as well as a Fleet at Sea; and the Country Wenches will be so Inamoured with Scarlet Cloth, that they will run after a Soldier, like a Turkey-Cock after a Woman in a red Petticoat: For the Word *Standing*, will be of such Efficacy, that Ladies of all sorts, from the Commode to the blew Apron, will be ready to lye down before any of the Marshal Youths, that are honour'd with so stiff an Epithite.

If we happen to have a War, abundance of poor *English* People, who are ready to go bare-foot will be mightly afraid of wearing Wooden-shoes, if *France* shou'd get the better; and many grave old Hypocrites, who have neither a Dram of Religion, or on Acre of Church-Land, will be as wonderfully fearful of the sad Bugbear Popery, as a Squirrel is of the sound of a Drum; but I can positively foretel 'em, they will be more afraid than hurt, and that they need not doubt but still to enjoy their Poverty, Ignorance, and Name of Religion, without the Danger of any Interruption from our Enemies; for God be thank'd, we have Wealth, Strength and Courage enough within the Nation, with good Managment, to compleat our Safety.

Those City-Sweeteners, call'd Stockjobbers, begin to look as peevish and as pale upon the sudden fall of *East India*-Stock above forty *per Cent.* as a Parcel of Petty-fogging Solicitors in the middle of a long Vocation; or like a Horn-mad Cuckold, under a Course of Physick Clap'd by his own Wife, that you may know 'em as well upon Change by their dispirited Countenances, as you may a Jew by his signatur'd Cast, an *Irish*-men by his Ignorance, or a *Dutch*-man by his boarish Deportment. These are the City Kites that devour the heedless Chickens; the Brambles that tear part of the Fleece off

off every Sheeps Back they lay hold on; the Sharks that prey upon the more innocent Fish; the Wolves that devour the Lambs; the private Enemies to the publick Welfare; who if they can but advance and lower Stocks as will best serve their own Purpose, care not if Peace, Liberty, Religion, and all that conduces to the common Safety of Mankind, were running headlong to the Devil; but now they are most of them caught in the Snares they laid for others, (it is believ'd) and hop'd, the Scene of Affairs will so alter, that they will some of them stink worse than a Pole-cat in a Warriner's Trap, if an unexpected Providence don't favour 'em.

Country Attornies will fly as fast to their rural Habitations now the Term's over, as the Heard of Swine did towards the Sea, when the Devil was in 'em; those that came hither with full Pockets, will go near to return empty; and most of them will take care, especially *Porkshire* Scribes, to carry no more Honesty out of Town, than they brought along with 'em. Tho' the Term be over, yet Lawyers will have great knocking at their Chamber-doors for above this Fortnight by importunate Duns, whose Visits will be far more troublesome, than the Teaze of a Pauper-Client, Taylors, Periwig-makers, Drapers, Hatters, Sword-cutlers, and Shooe-makers, will ply as thick  
in



in the Sair-cafes of Inns of Court and Chancery, as *Greenwich* Water-men at *Billingsgate*, or the footy Fraternity at *Cheap-side* Conduit; but I can tell 'em this for their Comfort, (by the help of the Stars) that two Whores will have Admittance before one Creditor.

The godly Season next Lent, will make the Devil to do amongst the Fish-women at *Billingsgate*; infomuch, that the well-bred Language of Barren-fow, Whore, Pimp, and Cuckold, may be had by Whole-sale, much cheaper than Oysters; and good Words will be more difficult to be got for Money, than Plaice, Flounders, and Whittings. All sorts of Fish will be as plentiful and cheap, as Whores at the fourth Act in either of the Play-houses; but good Manners will prove as scarce a Commodity, as Silence at a Christening.

Poets, who ought to be Vertue's Crutches to support the Lame Lady from falling to the Ground, when Vice has crippled her, will be apt this Year (as they have done for many) to give the feeble Gentlewoman the slip; so that I plainly foresee she will never be able to hold up her Head, whilst she has none else but such broken Reeds to depend on; therefore if the State does not take care to repair her injur'd Innocence, our Posterity will find, as well as ourselves, to the sorrow of all good Christians,  
and

and the great Joy of the Devil and his Angels, that she'll be trampled under foot, and render'd hereafter incapable of ever rising; so that we shall have Swearing for nothing, Whoring as cheap as Neck-beef, Knavery be esteemed as commendable Ingenuity, and Drinking to Excess, to be the only Talent of a Gentleman; then will Play-houses be as common as Meeting-houses, that is two to one Church, and the Protestant Religion, instead of a Bay Tree, flourish like a Pumpkin on a Dung-hill.

A Satyr against a Fart. *Written by*  
*an Irish-Man,*

*F*Oh, by my Skoul, thou art a beastly Word,  
Spoke by a nasty A--se, whose Brains are T---d;  
The Mouth thou com'st from, is a stinking Gut,  
Deel tanke mine Ears, but they did smell thee out:  
Hubboo, I wish thee bury'd above Ground,  
By Creesht, my Nose is poyson'd with the Sound;  
Wert thou a Man, with dis big Hasbel Stick,  
I'd cut thy Troat for a damn'd Heretick;  
Deel tanke thy Body for a poisonous Blast,  
Thou'rt gone, 'Gad thou stink'st too long to last.

*From Feb. 24. to March 3.*

Gentlemen,

**I**T's as natural for we Star-gazers, to give our selves a little Light into the dark Mystery of Physick, as 'tis for a Dancing-master to scrape upon the Violin, or a Noble Man's House-keeper to understand Pickling and Preserving; and the only Reason I conceive why Astrologers have so great a Propensity to the Knowledge of Medicine, is, that our Ptolomean Fraternity very wisely consider, that the Title of Doctor is more Reputable, than that of Conjuror; for by one or the other, we are most commonly distinguish'd. I have therefore, like a cunning Angler, thought it my best Way to bait two Hooks, the one to catch sick Fools, who want Health more than Wealth, and the other to allure such dissatisfied Wise-akers, who fling away their Money, to know that which no Body can tell'em: Professing thus both Physick and Astrology, as I was the other Day sitting in my Study, tumbling over some old musty Receipts that were left me by my Grand-mother; a Female Patient Mask'd, wrapt up in a Velvet Hood and Scarf, came and thump'd at my Door with as much Authority, as a poor Cuckold at Midnight.

*Midnight, knocking for a Midwife at the Sign of the Cradle; my Man stepping to the Door, with an audible Voice, she enquired for the Doctor; upon which I went down Stairs, and examin'd her Business, who in plain Words, told me, she was Clap'd, and ask'd me for what Money I'd undertake to Cure her; I told her, five Pounds: Confound you, says she, for an old groping Fumbler, I have been a Trader in this Town almost this twenty Years, and never gave above a Guinea in my Life. Indeed, Madam, said I, I cannot undertake the Cure for so inconsiderable a Sum. Well, says she, I'll defer Physicking a little, and Kiss on for a Fortnight or three Weeks longer, for the Benefit of your Profession; and if you wont undertake me then for the Money I have offer'd, you are the most ungrateful old Tuzzy-muzzy Mender that ever handled Surringe; and away she trip'd, without another Word, as nimbly out of my Doors, as a Town Lady early in the Morning out of a Temple Stair-case; after which I retir'd to my Study, and by the help of the Stars, compos'd the following Predictions.*

**T**He Beards of Coffee-house Politicians will wag mightily, during this Session of P-----t; and every flying Gull, and foolish Imposition, inserted in the News-Papers, will go down as glib, with the Sippers of Ninny-broth, as a *White-Fryers* Falsity  
pub-



publish'd by sham Authority, does oftentimes with the too credulous Multitude.

Great talk of strange Plots will addle the Noddles of the Publick, and those who are silly enough to believe the Reports of ill Designs, without good Grounds for it, tho' they are much more safe, are but very little wiser than those who are drawn into the Project, to be made a hanging Testimony to convince the World of the Truth therefore, who are apt, in such Cases, to be better confirm'd by a dying Convict, than a living Evidence.

It will be hard for a poor Man to be thought a good Man, or a rich Man an ill Man, in this Age; whilst Men shall be esteem'd Honest for their Wealth, much rather than their Vertues; and as for *Epictetus* or *Seneca's* Morals, they are much talk'd of amongst Shollars, but not half so much practis'd as *Machiavil's* Politicks amongst Courtiers; so that I fear in a little time, the World will be of an Opinion, that Religion and Interest, Riches and Honesty, Greatness and Goodness, and Poverty and Knavery, are as inseperable Companions, as Pride and Beauty in a Woman, or the Words Popery and Slavery in a true Protestant Address.

When the Law finds out a Way to make Church-wardens honest, then will the Poor of *England* be well provided for; but as long as they meet at a Tavern over roasted Aldermen

men and raise Canary, to dispatch Parish-busines, which ought to be done in the Vestry; and to one Shilling they give the Poor, put another into their own Pockets; well may such trusty Officers grow Rich and Fat, and the Poor for want of their due Allowance, become so Lean and Lousie.

When Maids want an Itch after Matrimony, Women prove Obédient to their Husbands, and Wh—rs faithful to their Keepers, then will the pious Work of Reformation go on as sure, but as slow, as the goodly Structure of *St. Paul's*; but as yet, according to all Appearance, notwithstanding the Care of the Reforming Society, the holy Undertaking crawles like a Crab, and Mankind grow insensibly worse and worse for want of due Measures to recover the wicked World into the Paths of Vertue. But this will never be done, according to the old Proverb, that is, *By setting one Thief to catch another*; for if those who are appointed to persecute Vice, are not true Lovers of Vertue, abstracted for all pecuniary Interest, the Work will never be carry'd on with that Sincerity that is necessary, nor ill Persons daily corrected where Money shall Bribe off Punishment.

The Plague of Poverty in a little time will creep into many a Cuckold's Family, where the Wife wears the Breeches, insomuch that the good Woman will run away to avoid  
the

the Contagion, and leave her poor Husband to be shut up in *Wood-street*, or the *Poultry-Hospital*; where it is ten to one, but he will at last Perish under this Beggarly Pestilence: Therefore the best Preservative against his Distemper, is, for him to keep the Staff in his own Hand; that is, dispatch his Business himself, and keep his Money in his own Counting-house, lest, tho' a Woman be Honest, she may want Prudence, or if seeming Pudent, she may want Honesty: And let every Shop-keeper remember this, whoever has his Wife by the Heart, if it be in her Power, may, if he pleases, have the Money-box by the Handle.

### The Character of a Barren Adultress.

*H*OT and Insatiable as the thirsty Sand,  
 That drinks all up, but is a fruitful Land;  
 So her dry Womb imbibes the Balmy Show'r,  
 Pleas'd with each Blissful Drop, still covets more,  
 And seems next Minute drouthy as before. }  
 Swears to each labouring Slave, with whom she's free,  
 She knows no Mortal, but her Lord, and he :  
 Yet to the fond believing Cuckold, vows  
 No Man e'er Kist her but her own dear Spouse :  
 Barren her Womb, dissatisfy'd her Life,  
 A Lustful Mistress and a Faithless Wife.















